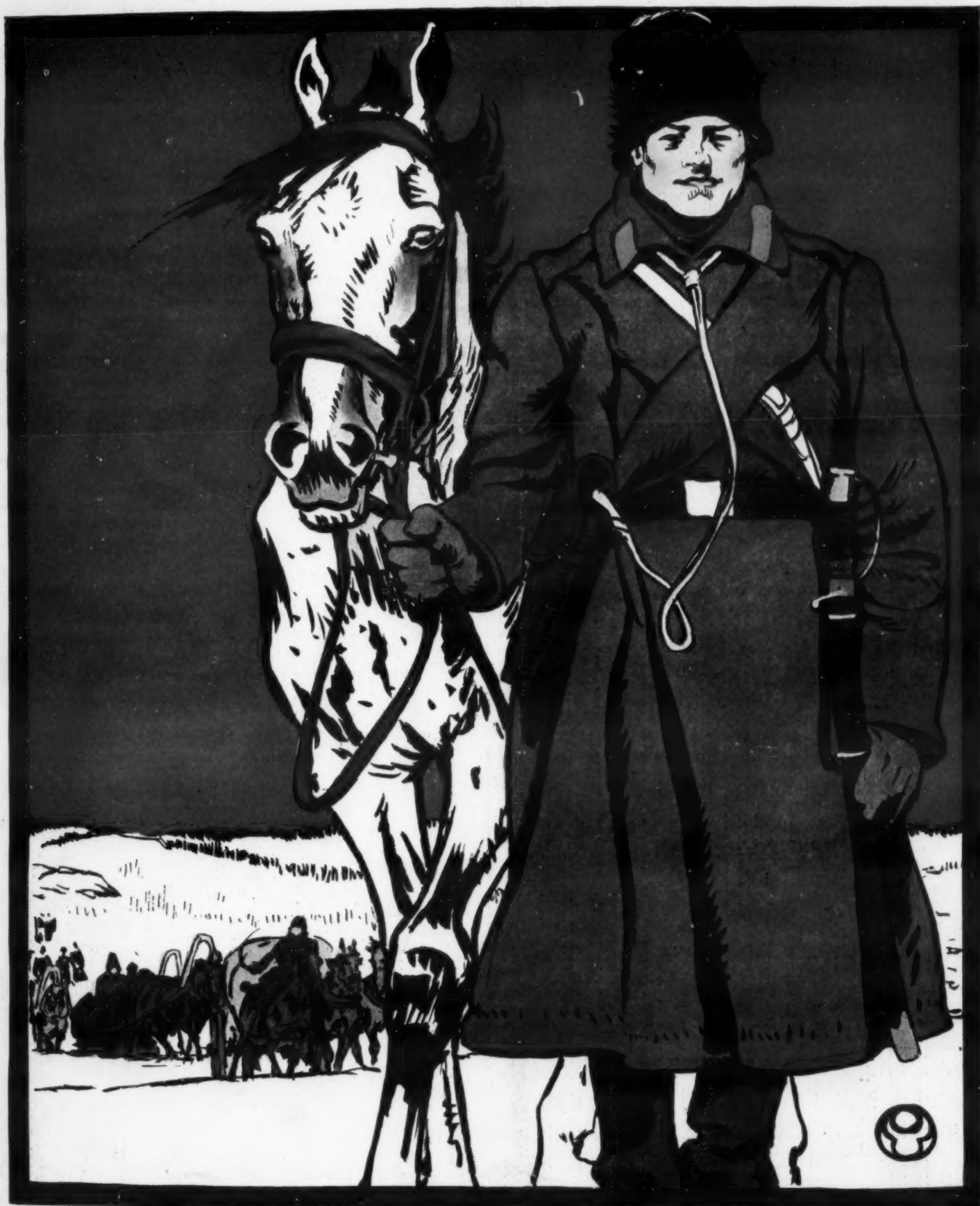


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Mailed Fist and Naked Hand *By Perceval Gibbon*

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There are thousands of men, pipe-stung and tongue-sore, who love a pipe, but have had to chuck it because the tobaccos they've tried have left their tongues as tender as though they'd been chewed. You fellows who have bitten at and been bitten by tobacco full of rough edges come on in and get next to the joy of smoking fragrant tobacco that's had its teeth pulled. The goodness of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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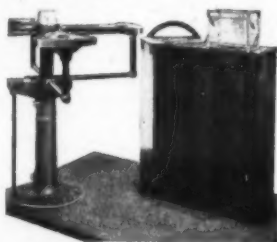
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Of course you do.

That's why you use telephones, typewriters, multigraphs, and other modern devices to supplement human effort. That's why progressive men are always ready to adopt improved methods and machines.

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For years the progressive business institutions have looked for some automatic, fast, errorless, efficient system that would eliminate the undependable human element in change-making. Such a method is now provided in the Potter Coin Machine.

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The agency for the Potter Coin Machine offers an exceptional opportunity to a number of high type, keen, energetic business men who are accustomed to dealing with a high class trade and who expect a substantial and permanent income for their efforts.

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Coin Machine Mfg. Co.
COIN MACHINE BLDG., PORTLAND, OREGON

ADVERTISING A NATION AND ITS GOODS

What Europe Can Teach Us

We are proud of our great natural resources, but, as a nation, we never have been properly proud of our manufactured products. Our industries are not accidents—as our resources are. They are of our own creation. We have a right to be proud of them.

"Made in U. S. A." is a phrase that is taking hold of the public imagination. The present stagnation of European industry has given it its first opportunity for real effectiveness. But the phrase must be backed up by a conscious national pride in the things we make.

For a century and a half we have held to the superstition that manufactured articles were better if they came from Europe. It once was true, but it has become gradually less and less true until now quite the opposite is true, except in a few special lines. But the superstition has remained vigorous and pernicious.

Meantime our European manufacturing competitors have gone on making their national slogans constantly more effective at home and in the markets of the world, so that "Made in Germany" and "Made in England" have a tremendous trade value. We are masters of the art of advertising a factory and its goods but we are novices in the art of advertising a nation and its products. England and Germany can teach us great lessons in mass publicity.

German trade organizations have been for years booming the German national label in the home market, re-

sisting every encroachment of foreign goods with an appeal to commercial patriotism. Now is the time to do this for our goods—to give ourselves some national advertising—first in our own country. Let us be proud of the American label ourselves before we attempt to give it a trade value in South America and the Orient.

Secretary Lane of the Department of the Interior has pointed out that "great quantities of goods manufactured in the United States are marked 'Made in Germany,' not because the German article of like kind is any better or as good as the American product, but simply because the purchasing public has been led to look for this phrase and possibly to associate it with the idea of merit."

The editor of a textile trade paper, who knows the real secrets of that business, said recently, "The average shopper is willing to pay anywhere from ten cents to a dollar a yard extra for something labelled 'imported,' when, as a matter of fact the label was printed in Boston and the fabric made in some American textile community."

We have been proud of everything that we as a people possess, except the one thing we have the best right to be proud of.

Let us do in a year what Germany has been a generation in doing. Let us develop a national pride in goods that are "Made in U. S. A." Only with this new pride to back it will our national trade-mark be effective, either in this country or elsewhere. Our goods are worthy of our pride. Let us give them their due.

SEE THAT THE GOODS YOU
BUY ARE MARKED WITH THE
NAME AND TRADE-MARK OF
THE MAKER—AND WITH THE
NATIONAL TRADE-MARK

"MADE IN U. S. A."

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post
Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

THE MAILED FIST AND THE NAKED HAND

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

WARSAW.—The guns had their place on a grassy bottom of land, between an end of firwood and a great gray-green bosom of hill which curved before them against the sky. The stained and grimy muzzles gaped toward the clouds beyond its crest; the gunners who leveled and traversed them had no target within their view; they aimed and fired according to the orders that came to them by telephone, and, six thousand yards away, men upon whom they had never set eyes died under their shells.

There was a mile and more to go beyond the guns before one came to the fire control, the station of the brain that governed the fighting and the eyes that watched the slaughter. A semicircular trench was cut breast deep into a shoulder of the hill, with behind it a timber-shored pit in which an orderly huddled over the telephone. In the trench, the collar of his rubber cloak raised about his ears, his nose a shiny red with chill, trod the captain of gunners in charge of the battery. A pair of huge binoculars, mounted on a tripod, was there to reinforce his eyes; down to his left lay the town of Lyck, the Russian pied-à-terre in Germany; before him and to his right stretched all East Prussia, a far prospect of land crumpled into small, abrupt hills and steep valleys, the woods standing on them in black blot, with streaks of road dodging and reappearing among them, and scarfs of thin mist floating like smoke across them. We stood at the furthest west of the Russian advance, at the cutting edge of the army.

"Nothing beyond but Germans," said the captain with a gesture of his head to the wide panorama beyond the breastwork of the trench. "Like to have a look at some of them?"

The great binoculars on the tripod had a mechanism almost as elaborate as a gun—milled screws of adjustment and focus, bearings and clamps, a whole clock case full of gadgets. Save when a bayonet charge lifts one for a breathless mad minute out of science into savagery, one knows one's enemy nowadays only as one knows a bacillus through a microscope. One fumbled among the adjustments to the accompaniment of the red-nosed officer's obstructive directions: "There—on that road! Fourteen degrees right of the front; don't you see?" The glasses showed only green fog; then fingers that slipped on a screw jerked them to an approximate focus, and one was looking at trees, suddenly great and distinct, and into the shadows of a wood. They came round, found the road they sought across all the moist intervening miles, crept along it, and came to rest. There, at last, were the Germans.

I had learned in the earlier weeks to envy the gray columns I saw, swinging past at the lurching Russian marching stride, on their way up to the guarded and forbidden mystery of the front. For them, the way was open; some three million men were free of it; while to keep me out of it there was organized a whole department of censors and passport officials and prickly military understrappers. Even now I was here by virtue of a liberally construed word of permission to go somewhere else, without even what Bethman-Hollweg calls a "scrap of paper" to stand between me and any peevish general who should give way to a desire to shoot me. It was easier—and cheaper—to see the Venus de Milo than a uniformed German; but here, at last, I beheld them. It was a column of infantry on the move. Their road ran out from behind a hill, swung below a wood and dipped again into a valley;

about half a mile of it was in sight, strangely, stagily clear in the field of the big glasses. Upon it the column moved slowly, a streak of gray-blue vagueness of the very hue of cigarette smoke. By means of the fine adjustment, I could focus so as to see the bristle of the sloped rifles and even the brown-pink bar of the long lines of faces; I could see mounted officers and the shape of a furled flag; but I could see no man. There was no man; there was only the long, dim-hued mass of the column which had absorbed them, subduing the infinite diversity of their many thousand souls to its own soullessness. It moved on the road as lava moves on a hillside; it flowed rather than walked; its bulk and its deliberate steady motion gave meaning to all that military jargon which speaks of "massed" infantry, of "shock" tactics, of "crushing" an enemy. It was a machine as machine-like as a gun or an aeroplane, as dependent as they on the hand of the operator. The artillery officer snuffed cheerfully. "See them, eh? See them? That's the mail on the Mailed Fist!"

The Mailed Fist—the world is debtor to the Kaiser for that phrase, with all it revealed of romantic yearning, tyrannous purpose and bombastic impulsiveness: "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

But the purpose of mail, let us remember, was not to strengthen the blow, but to save and spare the flesh it clothed; the fingers that guided the sword gained neither strength nor cunning from the gauntlet; then as now, it was the naked nervous hand within the glove of iron, alive, sensitive fallible, that struck and parried and was yet, for all the iron that armored and screened it, the index and measure of the man. The hand that was masked to the likeness of an iron claw could still be betrayed by a gesture.

We have been looking on here at such a gesture, not too comfortably, for it took the shape of a long arm that stretched across Poland and snatched at Warsaw—and only missed it by inches. Here again, as in France and Belgium, as in western Russia when General François pushed forward to the Niemen, were the huge dim-gray columns, the nightmare artillery, the hourly miracles of organization and forethought which are the panoply of the ironclad hand; but the gesture was unmistakable. It struck through the vague and anonymous motions of General Staffs operating in all they could command of secrecy as sometimes, in the murmur of a crowd, a single voice will lift itself and be audible in words. Hitherto, the war had lacked a personal quality; the history-adorned pageant of the entry into Paris, with the eagle-crested figure of the conqueror riding through the central gates of the Arc de Triomphe, had not taken place; the Crown Prince had got his army into a tight place and gone away and left it there; and the world, that should have been terror stricken by the fate of Belgium, was a-roar with praises of King Albert. Here in Warsaw, with aeroplanes killing children in the streets and the German armies thrusting forward to within eight miles of the city, we heard that the great Pauline Monastery at Czenstochowa, where the famous Polish Madonna droops her beautiful and compassionate head before the pilgrims, had been cleared of its monks and got ready to serve as a lodging for the Kaiser.

Monks who had made their way north with the current of refugees told of it. There were four of them in the refreshment hall of the station at Warsaw, burly, bearded, middle-aged, still cheery in spite of their utter weariness. They



"The fire control—the station of the brain that governed the fighting; the eye that watched"

had found places together at the end of a table, and were drinking glasses of that thin, straw-colored tea with which the Russian is wont to moisten his clay. All about them the big hall seethed and echoed with the distress and bewilderment of the Polish refugees who thronged it, peasants, villagers, and the like whom the sudden terror of war upon their thresholds had driven in headlong panic to Warsaw. Their fear and trouble found voice in the Polish fashion, hysterically, frantically; their men gesticulated and cursed, their women wailed, and the poor, worn-out children cried ceaselessly. It was a tragic babel, and in the midst of it, a little niche of quiet, sat the stout, robed monks, drinking their tea and looking upon it all with eyes of vacant incomprehension. They were too tired to be conversational; but it was true, they said, that he was coming and that the monastery had been taken for his lodging. Men had come to get it ready for him, bringing with them what was necessary to make the place habitable for an Emperor and his suite.

One of them lifted his head to speak impressively. His broad healthy face had a childlike quality, the innocence that is common to saints and simpletons.

"Furniture!" he told us. "Wonderful! I never saw such furniture! Beds—dozens of beds—all white as snow; and chairs, and pots and pans to do cooking with—wonderful, I tell you! Some of the cooking things were like jewelry." He shook his head in serious reflection. "He must be a very great man," he added. So, since Paris was unattainable, it was to be Warsaw, which, after all, is a great city, splendid in history and the capital of an ancient kingdom. If there were to be no processional ride along the Champs-Élysées, there was still the Marszałkowska. Later, when a detachment of Cossacks captured the aide-de-camp of the King of Saxony, conveying an automobile freighted with orders and decorations destined to be pinned to German breasts in conquered Warsaw, we learned another detail. October 19 is the Polish national festival; and some of the best brains in the world had been put to work to so organize things that Warsaw should fall and the Kaiser should enter it, in all that magnificence of symbolism and poetic aptness which he loves, at noon of that day. The mailed fist was to strike—yes! But in the very blow the hand revealed itself, the hand no iron can mask. The war that had infested Europe, indiscriminate as a pest, had suddenly become a personal thing and taken on a character. An artist was at work, a compasser of effects; we were, then, fighting a figure of grand opera!

"A very great man," said the monk solemnly; and we agreed.

It was a great conception, stirring and colorful, and only the Russian General Staff knew how perilously near it came to succeeding. Russki with his army was south upon and across the Galician border; Ivanoff was on the Vistula; Rennenkampf was making himself secure on his newly won positions in East Prussia. The railway stem that veins the country on the German side of the Polish frontier gave the Germans the start they needed of the Russian General Staff; their concentration was complete and four great gray-blue armies were on Polish soil and bearing down on Warsaw before the Russians had moved a man. They had taken Lodz before Warsaw had even heard of its advance; they were bombarding Ivangorod and its bridges; by the 10th of October they had passed Lowitch and Shiradow and their line was spreading itself to the east like arms which they opened to embrace and strangle Warsaw. And then like a man who sleeps through a fire till his bed catches alight, Russia woke up.

The man who saved Warsaw was neither the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch, Commander in Chief, nor Russki, the newly emerged genius, nor Rennenkampf, the Stonewall Jackson of Russia. Theirs, perhaps were the errors—if they were errors—that enabled the Germans to get as far as they did; it is difficult to judge of that kind of thing. What was wanted at the moment was not generals; it was transportation. Warsaw, as it happens, is well served by railways, leisurely, gradual railways governed by the comfortable Russian system that allows for everything but haste and looks on three weeks as a reasonable space in which to carry out a mobilization. Forthwith into the crutch of the emergency stepped the man who could deal with it, Stepan Rukloff, Minister of Railways. That, and not victory in war, is the standard of greatness in a race—that it can match the occasion with the man. Rukloff was the man.

I was at Lyck when the news came; I went down with a trainload of South

Siberian Cossacks, and if there were no war to write about I would like to write about that journey in a horse car with those gentle-mannered, slim-waisted, long-skirted blood drinkers, the lean secret faces lighted up as they drew upon their cigarettes and the queer hissing whisper of their talk as they spoke among themselves. But the wonder just then was the speed of the journey. Even in normal times, fifteen miles an hour is counted good going in Russia; in war time it is anything from twelve to two; but now we were in a hurry, the side doors of the car were open; from its darker interior I saw the night



They were watching the shelling of their town by the Germans—its houses clustered together under brown roofs—roofs where their lives had shaped themselves

and the dark land beneath it go roaring past; thirty and forty miles to the hour were flying back under our wheels. Behind us and ahead of us were other trains, double-engined, long as streets and packed to the doors; every line that led to Warsaw had become a channel flooded with men and horses and guns, pouring in at Rukloff's speed.

It needs a railway man to appreciate it, the sheer science and magnitude of the achievement, the problems of rolling stock, of time schedules and the rest, that were thus solved upon the moment.

Siberia in the Saddle

THERE should be a monument to him, the man that saved Warsaw. He should be represented, life size, with his coat off, fitting wings to a broadgauge snail.

On the 12th of October the Germans were straddling the Warsaw-Vienna railway, from the little town of Blone to the village and junction of Pruschkow, and had spread thence southeastward to the Vistula—and Pruschkow is only twelve miles from the city. They had shelled the Russians out of the village and moved up in force; another stage would hoist them over that slope of rising ground whence one can look down, along the railway and across the forts that were dismantled two years ago, upon the roofs of Warsaw; their guns would dominate it; and the Marszałkowska would be open to the eagle crest moving superbly at the head of a victorious army. There had been nothing much to stop them; but now, at the

last moment, troops were spouting into Warsaw, snatched from the trains, poured through the streets and rushed out to build a last wall of bayonets and bodies between the city and its imminent fate. Scores upon scores of them, going straight from the trucks to the fighting line, soldiers of all arms, of many races, a tremendous spectacle and, incidentally, a valuable education for Poles wavering on the farther brink of loyalty. Russia, Germany, and Austria are always educating their Poles; Poland is the reform-school child of Europe. Sometimes I wonder whether, after all, Nicolai Nicolaievitch was really caught napping. The Kaiser's proclamation to the Poles promised them as much as the Czar's; they had seen Russia fighting and being beaten before; and it was for the Kaiser that the convent bells had rung their automatic and miraculous welcome when he entered the town of Czenstochowa. Poland inherits a long tradition of hatred for Russia; it has yet its leaven of firebrands; and there were not lacking guides to show the Germans the passages through the woods north of Groizy. Now, as things turned out, the Poles were to see the country laid waste not by the Russians but by the Germans; they were to see Russia in the rôle of protector of Poland, her might and greatness summoned to the spot as though by magic and brandished like a fist in their faces, and then to watch the Germans broken, driven back, fleeing, burning, looting and murdering as they went. My fellow travelers, the Cossacks, were escorted through the town between lines of dragoons; they had shown signs of a wish to set to work to loot the shops. They had never seen a big city before and many of them thought they had arrived at Berlin.

The road that goes south out of Warsaw runs for about eight miles alongside a light railway linking up the smaller towns of Piasetchno, Gora Kalwarja (on the Vistula) and Groizy; it cut across the very vortex of the fighting as things stood on the 15th of October. For three days and nights it had been a mere stream bed for a river of troops pouring forth to the fighting line; now, though transport and hospital traffic still crowded it, the current had a little abated. On either hand the gently undulated country was thick with woods—not the paltry and dreary firs of the East Prussian front, but real trees—with the farmers' fields in between them; over it and about it, pervading it like an atmosphere of heavy sound, there toned the unceasing diapason of battle.

It was as though one were ringed in by the noise of war; the great thudding reverberations of the batteries to the south, quickening from time to time to an insane and monstrous tattoo of explosions, were answered by distant and yet more distant guns, till the ear that guessed at their direction was baffled and perceived them only as a horizon of tremendous sound. Then, a rise in the road lifted one clear of the screening woods and one saw, low against the sky, white puffballs of smoke that appeared suddenly, hung for a space of moments and dispersed slowly—the shrapnel of the Germans bursting over the trenches where General Scheidemann's Siberians were hanging on grimly. A couple of miles more, and from another rise one looked down upon the little town of Piasetchno, with its background of low hills and the levels eastward of it stretching away to the river.

The traffic of the road had thinned by now; the ammunition trains and hospital carts had branched off, lurching along byways behind and between long arms of wood; but here, at the top of the rise, was a knot of country wagons halted at the side of the road and a crowd of perhaps two hundred people. They were folk from Piasetchno, watching the shelling of their town by the Germans.

My glasses showed me the little place, a tiny Polish town of that simple and antique character which towns in Poland so often contrive to have and towns in Russia so seldom. Its houses clustered close together under irregular brown roofs; its church lifted a square white tower among them. Of those who stood in the road with me and watched, many were able to pick out the very roofs under which their lives had shaped themselves, roofs that had sheltered their childhood and their marriage beds. A town,

after all, is something more than bricks and mortar and people; it is an individuality; its soul is compact of memories and joys and griefs; and its body, once murdered, can no more be restored to life than one can rebuild the cathedral of Rheims. As I looked, I saw among the roofs suddenly a sharp upward splash of flame, and rising from it a tree of dark smoke that grew up slowly and spread. Then, seconds later, there reached us the rending bang

(Concluded on page 30)



'TWIXT CAPRICORN AND CANCER

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN



AS THEY mounted up and up, and the shoulders of their horses strained hard at the corners of the long-looped track, the De Quiros River kept uncoiling like a silver snake below, and the tall jungle of the plain, where they had passed in the early morning, grew small and fine like moss standing on a stone. So far they had come. Anne of Tasmania, the girl from the misty, cool apple land, the girl with the pink-apple cheeks and wind-gray eyes, whose hair curled like young leaves and whose figure was as round as fruit—Anne leaned out from her saddle to look, and heaved a long sigh of delight. You are to know that she had landed from the steamer only an hour or two ago, and that the Abregas Islands are of the kind of scenery that blares in your face like a brass band. They are so brilliant, so gold and blue and green, so slashed with waterfalls and plumed with palms, so cut out into jag-headed, purple peaks and gorges, that they take your breath away a little when they first heave into sight out of the rolling Pacific.

Anne, who had seen nothing but Hobart and Sydney, and who was watering at the mouth for all the pleasures of all the world, seemed almost ready to eat the landscape. She reined in her horse and looked about her with gleaming eyes and lips drooping apart. Lyndon, the planter, looked not at the scenery, but at Anne. She interested him; moreover, he was in love with her.

Anne, however, said nothing till her horse was under way again, and then she remarked briefly:

"I've seen that!"

Lyndon, the planter from Queensland, pulled his horse up to hers and bent his lean, fine figure toward her saddle. There was something about the young man that suited this tropic landscape—the brown-gold tan of face, the yellowish, gemlike eye, the sunburned fairness of hair. You could see that he was a creature of the lands of Cancer and Capricorn, fined, colored, one could almost say shaped, by the powers of the sun. Anne, in the midst of this riotous Abregas scenery, was as exotic as a primula.

"So much to the good!" he said. "Another helping before you must lay down your knife and fork and go away, because 'Miss Seaton's carriage stops the way'—the long black carriage with the plumes at every corner. You see how I know you, Anne."

"You're a poet," said Anne, touching up her horse. She said it as one might tell a man he was a black.

"Only a very little one," excused Lyndon. "One volume, which didn't sell. Anyone who saw my rubber would know I couldn't be a good poet. It's simply splendid. You've got to come and look at it before we leave the island."

"I might," said Anne in a noncommittal manner. There was something hard in her voice. Lyndon had traveled all the way from Sydney with her and with her father (who had been ill and was ordered a "long sea voyage"), and he knew the tone very well. He did not mind it. If Anne, in spite of her white and pinkness, was Tasmanian oak at heart, he was steel. He had wanted so many women that he knew exactly how much more he wanted this one, and he meant to have her. The apple blossom should bloom among the rubber trees if love was love, and he was Bobby Lyndon, the lad who got the things he meant to get.

ALL the same there were moments when the hardness of this soft creature almost frightened him. Anne was in love with him, and yet she had not the remotest intention of marrying him. She could be cruel to herself and never wince. She would torture herself for her own good. Anne didn't think it would be for her good to marry Bob Lyndon. They had got as far as that one night when the great liner had entered the tropics and was slipping along in a wonderful dusk of stars, with a white-locked coral reef singing in the distance the luring mermaid song that coral reefs can sing. Whither does it lure? That lies in the ear

of him who listens. It lured Tasmanian Anne toward the sun-made youth of Queensland. It lures you away from the office desk to the beaches where the big coconuts roll down, and where a man may forget that the law of life is work. Me it lures otherwise; otherwise also your friend and your enemy. But it always lures—to the thing that you want and know you must not have.

Anne knew she must not have Bob Lyndon. A marriage had been arranged, and when a marriage is arranged it is a serious matter.

A marriage had been arranged between Anne Marjorie, only daughter of James Seaton of Cedar Villa, Ben Lomond Avenue, Hobart, Tas., and Admiral the Earl of Wykeham of Wykeham Castle, Hants; Hartlands, Warwickshire; The Glen House, Sutherland, N. B., and Wykeham House, Piccadilly. It is now clear why Anne thought that she should not.

When Admiral Huntridge came out to the Australian station there were four lives between him and the title. Within two years those four leaves had dropped from the branches of the Huntridge family tree, and the Admiral was Earl. It was understood that he would leave the navy at once and settle down at Wykeham Castle. So the cables ticked and whispered across the Indian Ocean.

Then they ticked another piece of news, and great England, across the seas, sat up and listened and asked for more. Across the sunken plains where Atlantis used to lie ran a whispering about Anne, and a huge republic laid an ear to the wires and called out the news in tones that ran across three thousand miles of snow and ice and roses and oranges and sandy deserts and peach orchards and cactus and Indian corn. Anne had had a proposal; 'Frisco and the Golden Gate were told; across the Atlantic and the Pacific sped copies of Anne's face and her new black picture hat, provided by a flurried aunt in London, who was instantly "approached" by illustration bureaus. The biography of Anne, pink and white and a nice tennis player, three years out of school, caused a famous general's death notices to be rudely cut down in a dozen weekly papers. Ladies' columns stopped guffawing at women who wanted a vote to speak reverently and seriously of Anne. Fame, busy crowning bald and grizzled and weary heads with wreaths of prickly laurel, paused for a moment to lay a splendid garland among the thick young tresses of Anne.

Instead of which the young planter told her that the whole thing was a damned shame. Those were the unpardonable words he used, with the liner slipping league by league northward through a hollow globe of stars and the coral reef calling—calling.

Anne had gone away to her cabin in a dignified silence when it happened. But now, when Lyndon, the planter, actually dared to say the same thing again, in the same offensive words—here, out under the sky halfway up Lalanga Mountain—she could not get away. Where are you to go, riding two abreast up a narrow precipice track?

"What is a . . . shame, if you please?" She faced him, pink, with her riding whip very stiffly held.

"Your marrying that old man," answered Lyndon bluntly.

"The Admiral is not old," said Anne.

"An admiral can't be young. He can be young for his age, or essentially young, or young still, or young at heart, or some such nonsense, but not plain, real young, like you and me."

The horses reached a bit of level track and quickened their pace. Anne surreptitiously kicked hers into a trot. "If you mean that he's fat and gray," she said defensively, "he isn't anything of the kind. What do you call that red droopy flower in among all the bamboos?"

"Wild begonia; it shows we're up to three thousand feet. No, I didn't say he was; I've no doubt he's in what people call 'the prime of life'—ugh! After that you're 'hale,' and after that you're dead. Anne, Anne, Annie, it'll be a long time before you and I are dead."

"You are not to call me Anne."

"Annette is prettier. Annette, tell me the truth—isn't his beard grayer than his hair? Because, you know, you must go carefully with a beard—but no one's afraid of hot soup upon his hair."

THE Queenslander's eyes were dancing like two topazes from the gem mines of his home. Anne could not resist it—they were so young together, he and she, and old people were really such funny things! She burst into a merry laugh.

"It is," she said, "and he's not a bit afraid of soup—on his hair. It's a nice sooty black."

"The soup?"

"Of course." They laughed again.

"We are being silly," said Anne. "I suppose one may be silly for one day. I shall have to be solemn enough by and by."

Lyndon said the unpardonable thing again.

Anne turned white this time with anger and with another feeling that she could not understand. She struck her horse viciously, and the animal plunged.

"For God's sake!" said Lyndon, snatching at the bridle. One of the horse's hoofs had caved in the edge of the track, and just escaped slipping after the shower of stones and earth that cracked down into nothingness below. The creature saved itself with the quickness of the mountain bred, but Lyndon now was as white as Anne. "You were very near solving the whole problem for good," he said, ranging his horse between her and the precipice. They went on slowly. Anne wanted to say that there was no problem to solve, but she could not. She was possessed with a lunatic desire to be falling—falling through the air with Lyndon's arms about her, as she knew they would have been had she gone over the verge just then when the horse slipped and staggered—falling to death—with him. What was it Tennyson had written:

*"Rolled in one another's arms, and silent
in a last embrace."*

Oh, she was mad! She, Anne, the little country girl from Tasmania, who had done so amazingly well for herself without even a mother to help her along—she, who had chaperoned, advised, and "managed" herself, with the independence of a true Australian, through four "fleet seasons" in Hobart and kept her head with the coolness of one who had the south-

ern snows in her blood—she to be thinking after this crazy fashion!

"I can't help feeling," said the One Anne to the Other Anne. And the Other Anne replied: "Feel as much as you like, my dear; it doesn't matter a bit—so long as you act prudently. Feelings butter no parsnips."

"But it hurts," said the One Anne, meeting Lyndon's gem brown eyes.

"Set your teeth and stand it, my child," said the Other Anne. "You're going to be Countess of Wykeham." They rode on and up.

Now the silver ribbon of the De Quiros River was unrolled to the utmost, and the coral seas that lie about the fairy isles of the Abregas spread themselves out on the horizon in colors that Anne had never dreamed of as existing outside a jeweler's window. Lyndon laid his hand on her horse's rein.

"Stop a moment," he said.

"This is too good to miss, and the track runs inland afterward. Look while you can, Anne. Lady Wykeham won't see things like this."

Anne looked with an avid determination to make the most of her chances. Bob Lyndon had learned that little greedy look by heart while they were trailing slowly up the endless Queensland coast. He had seen it at dances, at ship concerts, at the prize distributions that followed the deck games—even at meals sometimes, when some tropical dainty new to the girl appeared on the menu. He did not like her a scrap the less for it, because she was Anne. Nor had the still-young-at-heart Admiral liked her any the less when she had caressed the jewels he gave her as if she wanted to eat them—down in chilly Hobart that memorable Fleet Week. He, too, felt that she was just Anne, and that excused everything.

THERE was rain in her cloud-gray eyes when she turned away from the wonderful sight and guided her horse toward the inland track. She smuggled out a small thin handkerchief and touched her face with it. Such things there were in this gorgeous world of the Sun that she had never guessed at! Such things there were as she must leave unseen! For the island trip was a brief one, and afterward would come the cathedral in Sydney, with white flowers and arches of naval swords, and Mendelssohn's march on the great organ; and after that the English castle and the Scotch moors and the Riviera and the "Season"—all the things one read of in novels from home—all the kingdoms and the glories—but not ever again, as long as life should last, these far, exquisite islands in the coral seas.

"Haven't we gone far enough?" she said after a minute or two. It was safer to speak than to be silent—besides, she was really getting concerned about the length of their ride.

"Well, I had an idea," said the young planter slowly. "I wanted very much to show you Whiteley's place on the top of the mountain, and I thought, if we didn't seem to have time enough to get back afterward to the ship, I could just run you down to the Mission; you said you knew Mrs. Graves."

"The missionary's wife? Yes, of course; she used to go to school with me. I was really half thinking of spending a couple of days with her while the steamer was in port; but you were so anxious to go for this mysterious ride—"

"You might still do both," said Lyndon promptly. He took a notebook from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Write a note and tear it out," he said. "I can whistle up a boy from the nearest village to take it back to the steamer, and they'll get it to-night."

"What about my clothes?" asked Anne, putting back a loose lock of hair that curled like yellow apple peel about her linen collar.

"Can't get them in time to-night. Couldn't Mrs. Graves—?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose she could. Is it far?"

Lyndon pointed with his crop to a tiny new tin roof, dazzling unbearably in the sun, on the top of a little hill some miles away.

"Get to it in a couple of hours from the top of

this. These mountain horses can come down pretty quick."

Anne wrote the note, leaning on her saddle. She hesitated a moment after it was done.

"I wonder—will father be uneasy?" she said, twirling the paper in her gray-gloved fingers.

Other people answered the speech of Anne. Lyndon, since the day they first met, had answered what she thought. He did so now.

"If you didn't get to Graves's, there are the Whiteleys just above. You can't get left anyhow," he said.

"Respectable matrons all over the place. The Abregas are amazingly civilized to what they used to be,

if they did; but that's their loss. As you said, I'm a bit of a poet, and I don't forget. Poetry's the unearned increment I get out of my place, and out of other people's, too. If you saw my rubber avenues at six o'clock in the morning—with the dew on—radiating away like a star every way you look, long lanes of fluttering green; or the coconut plantations on the coast with palms spouting up like fountains under a sky that's as white as a crystal with sun, sheer sun; or the sisal hemp, especially if it's poling—why, it's the quaintest, queerest, prettiest sort of thing ever seen off a Japanese screen. But the best of all is the coffee."

The track wound now underneath huge cottonwood and banyan trees, an Alhambra of wild root arches wreathed with strangling leaf and flower. There was no view any more, and the heat grew heavier and heavier. Anne watched the young planter's face as their horses plodded slowly up. She was thinking of the overworked, semimeaningless phrase "golden youth," and deciding that the first person who coined it must have had some one like the Queenslander in his mind.

"Coffee is beautiful at any time and all times. It's one of the most graceful shrubs there is, with its pointed shining leaves and the fruits like coral beads strung close to the stalk. But when it flowers—Anne, have you ever heard how the coffee flowers?"

THE horses had stopped; there was a small runnel of water crossing the track in the shade of an enormous banyan, and they were dipping their hairy lips into it and sucking silently.

The air closed round the riders in a warm, scented bath and was still. The forest, huge and overwhelming, lay upon them as great seas of the Triassic and Permian may have lain upon the small, drowned things of a Paleozoic world. In all the universe, it seemed, there were but these two creatures, Anne and the golden lad.

"Tell me," said Anne. The horses raised their heads and stood with dripping mouths. They knew that no one wanted them to move.

Nearer to Anne bent the golden lad, and his eyes shut out the forest and the horses and the stream.

"It's the loveliest thing in the world," he said. "And it's like all the other lovely things in the world—you don't know when it's coming; it just comes. It mayn't flower for a long, long time, and you may have been thinking it never will. But one morning, when you're expecting nothing,

you get up and look out of the veranda, and all the dark plantation is light—as if the snow had fallen on it, and the whole place is just one glory of scent and flower. And in another day it's gone again—the light has passed away. But the tree has had its glory. It comes—like love into a life—and you feel, whatever happens, the tree—has lived. Anne, I wish—I wish you could see it just once, the coffee all white and sweet in its wedding flowers—like a bride."

Anne could not answer; she was fighting fiercely not to cry. Whatever happened she felt she must not cry. And immediately she did.

After all, it was not necessary to fall over a precipice in order to have Bob Lyndon's arms about you. And the horses were tired with their long climb, so they never moved, but went on licking the water from their hairy lips; only their bridles made a little jingling sound as they stood there in the emerald shade of the banyan tree, with two young people on their backs who were apparently bent on the athletic feat of changing from saddle to saddle there and then.

Anne drew herself away with the woman's inevitable exclamation: "Oh, my hat!"

"Drown your hat!" replied the golden youth. "Anyhow, it suits you like that."

"It doesn't," said Anne, suddenly calmed by the necessity of rearranging the big white felt and the auburn locks beneath it. She preened and smoothed herself, avoiding Lyndon's eyes, and hurried her horse into a trot. She took the first place up the winding road and did not look back. But Lyndon, following behind, smiled to himself as one who has pleasant thoughts. (Continued on page 26)



They stared back at her with a savage curiosity, chewing something in their cheeks with heavy movements of the lips and jaw. The ceremony began. All through the prisoners stared and chewed. It was clear that they had not the slightest idea what it might be all about

and still more so since I've been away." He took the note from her fingers and sent out a long, strange call.

"That'll fetch 'em," he said. "I see I haven't forgotten it. There are not many white men can do it."

"How long were you away?" asked Anne idly, little knowing that the whole future of her life, the fate of the castle and the Earl, and of bigger things still, turned on his reply.

"Oh, best part of two years," Lyndon replied carelessly. "Had to go to London; working up a company to exploit the rubber. My overseer did all right, I believe, but I'll have to pull things. There's a boy already."

A "BOY" of some thirty years, with an amazing, woolly mop of hair, and a girdle of dyed and beaded bark for sole clothing, appeared supernaturally out of a clump of bush. Lyndon addressed him fluently in the Abregas tongue and gave him the note. The "boy" made a sudden dive over what seemed a perpendicular precipice, and crashed his way into the gully below.

"Right-o; now for the top," said Lyndon, leading on.

"What is at the top?" asked Anne, urging her horse alongside. "What shall I see?" The eager look was coming back into the limpid eyes.

"Coffee," replied Lyndon with a smile.

"Coffee! But what—"

"I'll tell you, Madonna mia. It's the most beautiful thing that planters grow—and nearly everything they grow is beautiful in these particular Islands of the Blest. Of course most of them have never thought of it that way, or have forgotten about it

MYRTLE McGUIRE—DETECTIVE

BY GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

LIFE (wrote Myrtle, moralizing) is a funny thing when you stop to think it over.

Little Willy sees a "Boy Wanted" ad and he goes after the job. It doesn't sound much if you say it quick, but it means nearly everything to him.

If Willy's all right, he sticks. If it happens to be a drug store, pretty soon you see his diploma hanging up on the wall, and all day long he's selling post cards and soda water and other medical supplies.

Or if he starts running errands for a law office, in a few years you'll find him in a court room making loud noises to a jury.

You see the point? It all depends on where the start is made. Talk about your grab bags and lotteries and chances on a wrist watch in a beauty parlor! They simply aren't in it with the chances Little Willy takes when he shines his shoes and kisses his mother and goes hunting for his first job.

It's the same way with a business girl. I was brought up on Cherry Street, and because I was quick on the fingers and had a memory like fly paper, I learned stenography.

You see the point again? I might have got started in a hotel, or an engineering office, or a pie-filling factory. But when I applied to "Room 1200, between 9 and 9.30," it happened to be Wells Detective Agency. First I wrote a few letters, then I answered about sixty questions in about sixty seconds, and then I got the job.

Office girl at eight dollars a week in a blue skirt, a white shirt waist, and an auburn head: yours sincerely. Behind my back they called me Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, but they didn't say it before my face. They soon found out I had learned my repartee on Cherry Street.

For over a year I sat at a desk near the door, receiving callers, answering the phone, ticking off letters, and wondering if I'd ever get to handle a case myself. But the only detective work that came to little Myrtle was to sift out the callers—give 'em the studious look and tell whether they were insurance agents or directory ad solicitors or Jersey City Cubans who were selling cigars that hadn't paid the duty from Havana.

Then the firm got a contract from a manufac-

turers' association. We took more office space and hired another girl. I was promoted to filing clerk and had a little room next to the boss's where I used to keep the scrap books and card indexes and things. We subscribed to more than forty daily papers, and the biggest part of my work was to clip out the crook items and index them according to names and places and anything else I could think of.

Just to show you I was on to my job, a woman was robbed of her rings in a Chicago hotel. I cross-indexed it a dozen different ways, including "Hotel Guest." Next month the same thing happened in Detroit. Right away the index showed the two cases side by side. About a month after, the identical thing happened in Cleveland.

Right there I went to Mr. Wells and showed it to him.

"He's working east from Chicago," I said, "making one stop in every State."

The boss has a silky gray beard and a voice that matches it. He looks like a deacon, but that's where he fools the people.

"What's his next stop?" he asked.

"Buffalo," I told him.

Mr. Wells looked right through me for nearly a minute and then he said: "I think I'll take a chance on that, young lady." Next morning he had "gone to the country for a few days," and before the week was over he had caught the man in Buffalo, just where I said he would be.

That wasn't all he got, either. He got the agency of one of the biggest hotel associations in the country. "Myrtle," he said, when he came back home, "you're a clever girl. I'm going to raise you to fifteen dollars a week."

Fifteen a week! Maybe my heart didn't feel big and warm. If I had been a boy that night, do you know what I'd have done?

Bought a safety razor and started shaving.

Next day the office girl brought in a card. "Mrs. Stuyvesant Norrie, Washington Square." I gave it one look and took it to the boss.

Mr. Wells blinked his eyes for both of us. I guess everybody's heard of Mrs. Norrie. She used to be the capital S and the dotted i in Society, and every Sunday she had nearly as much room in the Society Section as the Komikal Kids had in the Funny Sheet.

But as for him! Excuse me!

If people were eggs, they would have to take Stuyvesant Norrie out somewhere and bury him, but they'd have to go an awful long way from the nearest board of health.

"Very well, Myrtle," said Mr. Wells after he had set the dictograph. "Show her in."

She was the real thing, all right. Isn't it funny the way you can tell them, just as quick as you can tell the imitation? I went out and steered her through the right doors, and then I hurried back to my desk where the other end of the dictograph is installed.

That's part of our office system, though none of our clients know it.

I put the receiver over my head. Mrs. Norrie was talking. I picked up my pencil and pulled my notebook over.

In a detective agency we sometimes have to describe features. So I don't mind saying I've got a bright, blue eye.

Well, every time I used to hear people say that riches don't bring happiness, I used to close one of those bright blue eyes.

IT ALWAYS seemed to me that if I had a million dollars I could laugh out loud, any time, day or night. But to-morrow, if a friend stopped me on Broadway and said, "Myrtle, riches don't bring happiness," I'd nod my head as hard as I could and say, "You bet they don't."

I hadn't made many notes of Mrs. Norrie's conversation before I found she didn't believe in divorce. But Stuyvesant Norrie wanted nothing else, and that's how the trouble had started. I guess Stuyvesant had the second Mrs. Norrie picked out, and the second Mrs. Norrie had the floral decorations picked out. But the first Mrs. Norrie had something to say, and what she said was "No!"

Then Mr. Norrie began to show his disposition. His wife didn't go into details, but it was easy to see that when a man wants to be mean, it doesn't make much difference whether he lives on Cherry Street or Fifth Avenue.

All the same it wasn't his meanness which had



They slithered along on the rugs without making any noise and disappeared into Mr. Norrie's apartment

brought Mrs. Norrie to our office. It was something deeper. In stories and novels they call it "feminine intuition," but I guess "hunch" is just about as good.

Some people laugh when a woman says she feels that something is going to happen, but, believe me, if a man's corns can warn him to carry an umbrella or he's going to get wet, a woman's intuition can warn her to be careful how she steps off the cars, because there's a first-class funeral in the air and it looks like hers.

What made Mrs. Norrie nervous?

Well, in the first place, Mr. Norrie had fitted up a target in the cellar, and every night he and some of his friends were down there shooting.

Second place, he had bought a lot of books on hypnotism.

And, third, he was trying to be friendly and attentive to his wife, the way they give a condemned man anything he wants to eat on the morning they're going to hang him.

So Mrs. Norrie had arranged to give her regular maid a vacation and she wanted the agency to find her another maid with a strong arm and a quick eye, who would know how to handle Trouble if Trouble came knocking at the door.

Mr. Wells promised to send her a first-class woman next day, and there the interview ended.

"I shall never get a better chance than this," I thought after Mrs. Norrie had gone, and it didn't take me ten minutes to show Mr. Wells that handling trouble had been my specialty since I was three years old.

So bright and early next morning I was wearing a little lace tidy on my head, and was learning the runs of the old Norrie mansion.

As soon as I found Mr. Norrie was out, I went through his study, and I hadn't been there a minute before I saw that he certainly was interested in hypnotism. There was a row of books about it in the bookcase, two volumes on the mantel, and another, open, on his desk, as though he had been reading it just before he went out.

Say, you know the way a Big Idea strikes you? You know how it makes you glow all over and puts a flush on your cheek and the tango in your feet? Well, that was how it struck me. First thing I knew I was grumbling to myself: "If we could only hypnotize him and make him tell all he knew!" And then the Big Idea came. "Why not?" it whispered.

It looked easy, didn't it? Here was a man interested in hypnotism. Would it be hard to introduce him to a hypnotist? Hardly. Then we could put Mr. Norrie in a trance and make him tell everything.

"What have you got against your wife?" "What's that scheme in back of your head?" Everybody knows that a mesmerized man has to tell what he's told to tell. Then the professor could say to Mr. Norrie: "Nothing doing! Forget it! After this, you've got to give your wife a square deal and treat her right!"



You can imagine how long it took me to put my ear to the keyhole

Mr. Norrie would have to do it, if he was told to do it when he was mesmerized, wouldn't he?

Well, that's the way I figured it out, too.

Mrs. Norrie was going out that morning and wouldn't be back till noon. So out I went to look for what I wanted. It didn't take me long to find that Diablo, the World's Greatest Hypnotist, was showing that week on Forty-second Street. I finally found him in a furnished-room house in the West Twenties.

I sent up my card by a woman with soapsuds on her funny bones, and when Diablo came downstairs looking for me, I want to tell you that he gave me a shock. None of us has even seen the devil, as far as I know, but most of us have a pretty good idea how he looks. And when Diablo came down the stairs, it was just the same as if the Old Boy himself was coming down for Myrtle.

"You weesh to see Diablo?" he asked.

"No; you want to see me," I told him. That got him.

"Why so?" he asked, looking closer.

I had my answer ready, too. "Because I'm the young lady who can double your income," I told him, "and make you twice as famous as Carrie Nation used to be."

I GUESS maybe the devil needs money in his business, or maybe he likes to be famous. Anyhow Diablo sat down and listened for more. He looked like Old Ned more than ever then, and, I tell you now, I kept my fingers crossed good and hard.

It wasn't because I'm superstitious, you understand; but, well—just because I felt a little nervous.

"Will you come to my room?" he asked, seeing me look around.

"Mr. Diablo," I said, getting a fresh grip on myself, "I'd go down cellar with you, or up on the roof, if it was strictly necessary, but all the same it isn't considered proper for a girl to call on a gentleman in his room—"

"Pardong, pardong," he said, putting a g on it, just like that, "I did not t'ink—"

"But I've got an open taxi outside, and if you'd like to take a ride and listen to what I've got to tell you—"

"Mademoiselle," he said, after he had thought it over, "I will get my hat."

So that was all right. A girl can most always tell whether a man's going to get fresh if he sees half a chance. And Diablo wasn't that kind.

It seems funny that maybe the devil can be a gentleman; but Diablo was, so far as that was concerned. I started in by asking him if he had ever given any private exhibitions. He said he never had. I told him he could probably get a lot of private work at anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars a performance.

"Hypnotism's going to be fashionable," I told him. "There's something gripping about it, gripping that goes well with war times. If you made a hit in society, you could open a private establishment and

call it Hades House or Halifax Hall, and have your picture in all the magazines—" I jollied him along that way, good and proper, but Diablo took himself more serious than a trained nurse.

"You want a bright young manager," I told him. "That's all you want. You want somebody who can write circular letters and get customers. That's me. Wait. Just to show I'm not fooling, I've got a circular letter here all written out."

I had written it in shorthand while waiting for him to put his hat on. "To the Leaders of New York Society," it started. "Diablo, the World's Greatest Hypnotist, is open for a few private engagements. He offers an unparalleled and absolutely unique entertainment for yourself and guests. Consultations given at your residence free of charge—" And so on.

It certainly pleased Diablo, and by that time I knew he would do most anything I wanted. He took off his silk hat and polished it on his sleeve.

"Leaders of society," he said. "Yes, yes. I have always consider' my greatest forte is ze high society—"

"Now, Mr. Diablo," I said, as the taxi turned into Riverside Drive, "I'll tell you why I'm doing this. You're pretty sure to get an answer from a man named Norrie. Well, Mrs. Norrie is my friend, and they aren't getting on well together. I think he's up to some trick. So when you go to see him, I want you to hypnotize him—if you can—and make him tell you what he's scheming against his wife. And if he's trying any sort of a trick against her, you must make him promise not to do it—"

"I onderstand," said Diablo, nearly nodding his silk hat off. "I will give him ze hypnotic command. Zat will be easy. Leave it to Diablo, Prince of Darkness. An' now about zis letter—"

I didn't think much of that Prince of Darkness business, but he certainly thought a lot of my letter. We went to a public stenographer and had a dozen written. Then from a Social Register which the girl kept for addressing circulars we picked out a dozen good names, and I guess you know that Stuyvesant Norrie's name led all the rest.

Next evening Mrs. Norrie wanted me to read to her and I couldn't get away. But the night after that I went around to see Diablo. Mrs. Norrie was going out and wouldn't be home till eleven.

It was seven o'clock when I started out after Diablo. The woman who kept his rooming house told me to go right up. I saw her watching me as though she thought I wouldn't have the nerve. So up I went, humming "Some Smoke," and there was Diablo getting ready for the theatre.

The moment I saw him I got my second shock, just the same as a big, cold breaker will sometimes take the breath out of you down at Rockaway Beach; and now I know that I ought to have backed out just as soon as I felt that way. You've seen boys pretend they're Indians and soldiers and all that sort of business?

Well, Diablo had the cheerful notion that he was either the devil himself or a very close relation.

Isn't that a lovely thought for any man to have?

He had a red paper shade around the gas jet and his face was made up like the devil is always made up—all except the red paint. There was a picture of Old Nick on his bureau, too—I guess it was his own—and in front of it were two burning joss sticks.

"Jus' leaving for ze show," he said. "How are you?"

"Got any answers?" I asked him.

There were three. I didn't pay much attention to the first two, but the third was engraved with Stuyvesant Norrie's name and address. It was dated the day before, and there was just one line in pencil:

"Call at half past eleven to-night."

"Did you call?" I asked, turning around to Diablo.

"My God!" he



He seemed to be listening to something. So I started listening, too

muttered to himself in the glass. "Did I call!" And after that a team of horses couldn't have pulled me away.

Excitement's a queer thing. Have you ever noticed how catching it is? It sometimes seems to me like a sort of mental measles. Anyhow I caught it from Diablo, and I caught it good and hard.

"Say!" I whispered, "is he scheming anything against Mrs. Norrie?"

Diablo was brushing his coat. "You shall see before morning," he said, and he wouldn't look at me.

"Before morning? What do you mean?"

"I mean zat Meester Norrie is giving a private exhibition of hypnotism to a party of friends to-night."

"So you fixed up a private performance, did you?"

"Of a character mos' startling. A clever, clever gentleman is Meester Norrie! But when he match' his wits against Diablo— Eh?"

"Mr. Diablo," I broke in. "This may be lots of fun for you, but it's heart disease for me. Start at the beginning and tell me all that happened when you went to see Mr. Norrie."

But he only breathed harder and rubbed the darkening pencil over his eyebrows and picked up his hat. "I am leaving for ze show," he said, "an' cannot wait. I shall see you later."

"But look here," I kept on. "Tell me. Did you hypnotize Mr. Norrie last night?"

"My God!" he muttered again. "Did I hypnotize him! Wait! Wait and you shall see!"

We had reached the street and Diablo kept trying to break away, but I wasn't taking any hints just then.

"What did Mr. Norrie tell you when you had him hypnotized?" I asked him.

Diablo almost seemed to have a chill. "My y'ong friend," he said, "let us walk quickly. Ze evening is cold an' I am not accustom' to such. About Meester Norrie? O-oh, yes. We arrange' to give a private performance to-night—"

"You told me that before. But did you ask him?"

"A private performance, yes. Ze gentleman had evidently been studying his subjee' wiv a mind acute. Ze clever, clever gentleman! As if he could be a match for Diablo—he or any uzzer mortal! . . . I weesh a car would come. I shall be late. Ah, at last! An' tell your friend she need not worry; it will be all right. Au revoir, Meess Myrtle. I shall see you later, yes?"

THE car was crowded, and I saw it was no place to exchange confidences, even if Diablo wanted to tell me anything. So then I did what I ought to have done before. I telephoned Mr. Wells's house—and found he had "gone to the country for a few days!" A minute ago I wrote that Diablo nearly had a chill. Well, when I came out of that telephone booth, I had one!

Yet when I thought it over, I couldn't find a great deal to be scared at. It looked as if Diablo was going to play some sort of a trick on Mr. Norrie, but I wasn't shedding any tears over that. It was up to me to keep Mrs. Norrie out of danger, and, being warned the way I was, that ought to have been easy enough.

So back I hurried to Washington Square and went up to Mrs. Norrie's rooms.



Diablo laughed then and Mr. Norrie whirled around, still holding the gun. "You devil!" he muttered. "Oh, you devil!" "Meester Norrie flatters me!" said Diablo, and made a low bow

She had a suite of three and a bathroom on the second floor. The first room opened from the hall. That was the room where I'd been sleeping for the past two nights—on a couch pulled across the doorway.

The middle apartment was a sort of dressing room. Nothing could come in from there, so that was all right.

The third room was the bedroom—the kind that Laura Jean Libbey liked to write about. Say, if Cherry Street ever saw that room, they'd take off their hats and talk in whispers, and crowd back for fear of stepping on the floor!

Next to this room was Stuyvesant Norrie's bedroom, but the door between was always locked and the key was on our side. It was a heavy piece of old-fashioned work, that door was, like the rest of the house. Mrs. Norrie had hung a portière over it to hide it, and I had backed a dressing table up against the portière, so we didn't look for any trouble to come in that way. I tried the key and found the door locked as usual. So that looked all right.

At eleven o'clock Mrs. Norrie came back. She chatted a while—I told you before she was the real thing—and then she went in her room with an armful of magazines. I locked the door and sat there, wondering what sort of a performance Diablo was going to give downstairs, until at last I got so curious I tingled all over, and simply couldn't stand it any longer.

So I unlocked the door, and just as I was gently swinging it open to see if the coast was clear, three men came up the stairs. The first was Mr. Norrie in evening clothes. He was a big man with a violent-looking smile and a lot of teeth.

The second was Diablo, made up like the devil, red tights, pointed shoes, red cloak, and a long red feather in his cap.

And the third looked like a Western hold-up man—the kind you see in the movies. He had a big Fedora hat and a spotted blue handkerchief over his face with holes cut out for the eyes.

But more than that, he had a belt around his waist with a revolver stuck in it, and from the way they were helping him up the stairs I could see he was hypnotized.

They slithered along on the rugs without making any noise and disappeared into Mr. Norrie's apartment.

I picked up a tray, put a bottle of mineral water on it and went out in the hall. If I was caught there, they would think I was fetching something for Mrs. Norrie. But when I reached Mr. Norrie's door, you can imagine how long it took me to put my ear to the keyhole.

"He is still hypnotized?"

Mr. Norrie was asking.

"Fear not!" said Diablo.

"Here. Put ze needle once more in his cheek. . . . You see? Not a quiver of an eyelash!"

"And he won't be able to move until twelve?"

"Not a move, no. Not a movement of a muscle till ze clock strike twelve."

"That's the idea. And when the clock strikes he's to come downstairs, take his position and begin shooting at the target. You understand? It will make a sensation to have him come down like that, unexpected by everybody, and it will be interesting to learn if a hypnotized man can hit the bull's-eye every time when instructed to do so by his control."

"I understand. Yes, yes! I understand!"

"All right. We'll leave him then. Let's go down now and get everything else ready. My friends will be here in a few minutes."

That was a warning for me to make a quick disappearance. I made it, too.

The more I thought about it, the less I liked it. What was that hold-up man doing in the next room with a revolver in his belt? What was he put so near to Mrs. Norrie for? Why couldn't they hide him somewhere else? Was he really hypnotized, and what was he doing right then?

That was the sort of thing that kept dancing through me till I just ached to have a good look at that hold-up man and see what he was doing. So I picked up the mineral water once more and the next thing I knew I was in Mr. Norrie's apartment, staring at the man who had been stuck behind a screen.

He was certainly hypnotized. I touched him with my finger and then I pinched him hard. He just stood there like a dummy, staring straight ahead through the holes in his handkerchief. He seemed to be listening for something; so I started listening, too. I'm glad I did, for I heard a row going on downstairs.

I went to the hall and listened. Mr. Norrie was giving it to Diablo.

"I tell you I gave you three pearl studs to hide," he was saying, "and if you can't find the other one now you must find it later. But wait a moment. Go on with the performance and I'll run upstairs and see if I dropped it there by any chance."

I STARTED for Mrs. Norrie's apartment, but there wasn't time, and back I flew into Mr. Norrie's room.

In one corner a big leather chair was set cater-cornered against the wall.

I had just jumped behind it and ducked my head when in came Stuyvesant Norrie.

First he disappeared into his bedroom. Right away he came back and dropped something into the hold-up man's pocket. Then he drew the revolver out of the latter's belt and went back into his bedroom.

I jumped out of my corner and was running around to Mrs. Norrie's apartment, to get her away from that connecting door, when I met Diablo in the hall. "Well!" he whispered, his long, red feather quiv-

And then they both came through the doorway into Mrs. Norrie's room.

"It seems to me," said Diablo, "a few explanations are in order. I will give zem."

He told about the arrangements that had been made for the entertainment that night and how the hypnotized assistant had been hidden in Mr. Norrie's room—"an original idea of zis clever, clever gentleman. An' now let me tell you jus' what happen'!"

"Downstairs a few minutes ago zis clever man accus' me of being a t'ief! An' zen he come up here. First he run' to zis communicating door, which was lock' from your side. He turn' ze key wiv a pair of locksmith's pliers. Zen he run' back an' put ze pliers in my poor assistant's pocket—an' wiv it he puts some stolen jewelry. Wait!"

Diablo tripped off and returned with a bracelet, a watch, and a number of rings.

"You see? All zese were place' in ze pocket of my poor assistant to make it appear as if he was a t'ief! Like me downstairs! My God! An' zen what you do?" he demanded, spinning around to Mr. Norrie. "You take his revolver from his belt an' come back here to shoot zis lady! An' when you had kill' her, you would have put ze revolver back where you found it, an' swear you see my assistant do it! An' when zey find him, hiding behind a screen, wiv a handkerchief over his face, an' in his pocket ze stolen jewelry, an' ze revolver, wiv half its cartridge exploded an' smelling of smoke—

why, zey would hang him certain as Fate! An' if I didn' hang, too, zey would give me twenty year' at leas' for being a partner in his crime! Oh, you clever, clever gentleman! But you forget one leetle t'ing, eh?"

"You forget zat when a man play wiv Diablo, he play wiv fire. Las' night, before I lef' you, I hynotize' you—yes, when you were looking for Egyptian hieroglyphics on my diamond ring. I hynotize' you—clever gentleman—an' made you tell me all you meant to do. So to-day I 'move' ze powder from my assistant's cartridges, an' to-night I follow you up here! Eh? Eh?"

Mr. Norrie's face had gone mottled, but he didn't say anything—just stood there with his mouth twitching. And I must say he looked bad.

"But come," said Diablo, putting his cap on after another low bow. "We have lef' my other assistant downstairs, amusing ze guests. Let us go down an' finish."

They went out together, but in the hall I heard them talking again.

"When ze clock strike twelve," Diablo was saying, "you will remember my final instructions?"

"I'll remember," said Mr. Norrie in such a low voice that I hardly heard him.

"Don't forget now! I shall be waiting to take you!"

"I'll be there," said Mr. Norrie.

"Good. I'll get zis hold-up man. We shall not need him now."

When I look back it seems to me that this was the strangest part of the whole thing: that hold-up man being shaken out of his trance and going downstairs without knowing the part he had played that night, or how near he had come to starting that journey which takes in the death chamber at Sing Sing.

And that was my first case. You probably know how it ended. It was in all the papers next morning how Mr. Norrie had accidentally shot himself at midnight while cleaning a revolver.

"I'd like to know," I said to Mr. Wells, feeling uneasy way down in my heart, "what those 'final instructions' were that Diablo gave to Mr. Norrie."

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Wells. "Where are those Freeman papers?"

"But on dark nights maybe I'm going to wake up out of a dream and think I'm sort of responsible—"

"Tut-tut!" he said again. "If you want to be responsible for anything, you can think that Mrs. Norrie is alive. Those Freeman papers aren't lost, are they?"

That was how Mr. Wells tried to take it. But I don't know. How would you feel about it if you were me?



He had a red paper shade around the gas jet and his face was made up like the devil, all except the red paint. There was a picture of Old Nick on his bureau, too—I guess it was his own—and in front of it were two burning joss sticks. "Jus' leaving for ze show," he said

ering with excitement. "Eef it isn't Meess Myrtle!"

"He's going to shoot!" I gasped.

"He can't!" Diablo laughed under his breath.

"Zere is no powder! Come!"

We went through Mr. Norrie's suite till we came to the bedroom. The light was turned low, but we could see that Mr. Norrie had swung open the door that led to his wife's apartments, and was holding the portières on one side. Before I could say a word something clicked. I guess Mrs. Norrie heard it, too, and turned around. For all at once she screamed.

Again we heard that click, three or four times in quick succession. Diablo laughed then and Mr. Norrie whirled around, still holding the gun which he had taken from the cowboy's belt.

"You devil!" he muttered. "Oh, you devil!"

"Meester Norrie flatters me!" said Diablo, and he took his cap off and made a long, low bow.

I HAD pushed the dressing table aside to get to Mrs. Norrie, and I want to say that if they had been pinning medals on clever people just then, I would have gone and hid myself somewhere. If anything had happened, and that gun had gone off—it gives me the creeps even now when I think about it.

While I was getting Mrs. Norrie quieted down I caught one glimpse of Diablo with his hands on Mr. Norrie's shoulders, staring and whispering at him.

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

A GOOD many important newspapers have printed dispatches to the effect that President Wilson's opponents within the Democratic party are starting a movement to prevent his renomination. This merely represents what might be called seasonal imagination. The tradition is that just about the middle of any President's term discussion of his renomination ought to begin. These writers and newspapers should confine their interesting speculations to the Republican party. There is plenty of room for guessing there. In the Democratic party there is no room whatever for guessing. There is nobody in sight except Wilson, and there is not likely to be. If the Democratic nomination in 1916 is worth anything, Wilson ought to have it, for he has been the Democratic party, and the Democratic party's record is his record. If the Democratic nomination in 1916 is not worth anything whatever, again Wilson is the man who ought to be the goat, for if the party's record should be considered by the public as not good, Wilson is the man who will be responsible. When the guessers get down to names and facts, Champ Clark is about the only man mentioned. Clark has not the faintest chance of getting the nomination. The climax of his career came on the day when more than half the delegates at the Baltimore Convention voted for him. What talk there is about Clark now arises from the fact that he is exceedingly popular among the Democrats in Congress. Everybody who comes in contact with him likes him, and the members in Congress who are in daily contact with him would like to show their affection by boosting him for the Democratic nomination. That is all there is to that. Any Democrat who is not going to support Wilson for the Presidential nomination in 1916 belongs in the Republican party and will probably vote there. All this is on the assumption that Wilson is willing to take the nomination.

The Republicans

THERE is plenty of room for interesting speculation in the Republican situation, or, putting it so as to include the Progressive party, in the anti-Administration or anti-Democratic field. The most interesting development at the present moment is within the Republican National Committee. There is a contest on between the progressive and the standpat elements of that committee. Just below the surface the moves in this fight are being made quietly but earnestly. The standpat element in this committee is led by William Barnes, Jr., of New York. The progressive faction of the Republican party is not strongly represented in the actual personnel of the National Committee, but progressive Republicans like Cummins of Iowa, Hadley of Missouri, Borah of Idaho, and a few others will be able to influence the course of the committee strongly.

This fight for control will probably go on quietly but earnestly to a settlement before there is any contest between possible nominees.

Hughes

A GOOD many persons believe it is not wholesome that a member of the Supreme Court should ever be discussed as a possible Presidential candidate. They think that taking this exalted position is like entering the priesthood. Regardless of the ethics of this, purely as a matter of history, it can be recorded that Justice Hughes is now discussed more seriously than any other Republican by the men who will probably be influential in determining the Republican nomination. It is pretty generally admitted that he would be the strongest possible opponent of Wilson. He would be acceptable not only to the progressives but to at least a portion of the conservatives. There are a good many bridges to cross before Hughes can be the Republican candidate. It is commonly believed that he would under no circumstances seek the nomination nor allow the use of his name. In the old convention days it would be possible to nominate him by acclamation and put the thing before him as a completed fact. Since the passage of direct-primary laws in so many States, however, it is more difficult to nominate a man without his formal participation. In many of the States the direct-primary law requires that no man can be voted for unless he has stated formally in writing that he is a candidate. This, undoubtedly, Hughes would never do. It is conceivable that at the Republican Convention in 1916 enough favorite sons will turn up with the direct-primary nominations of their respective States to create a deadlock, and that out of the deadlock the nomination of Hughes could come. This is, so to speak, the mechanics of the possible nomination of Hughes.

The Literacy Test

THE debate on the literacy test for immigrants during the present session, as well as the vote, has revealed the fact that the sentiment favoring

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW

ABOUT AN IMMENSE BOOKSTORE IN WASHINGTON, D. C., WHICH SELLS THE PUBLICATIONS OF ONLY ONE PUBLISHER? THAT PUBLISHER, HOWEVER, HAPPENS TO BE THE LARGEST OF ALL PUBLISHERS AND THE ONE WHOSE OUTPUT IS THE MOST VARIED IN CHARACTER AND THE MOST PRACTICAL IN USE, RANGING FROM SOILS TO ASTRONOMY. MOREOVER, ALL THE PUBLICATIONS ARE SOLD AT COST. THE PUBLISHER IS THE UNITED STATES FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. FULL INFORMATION ABOUT THIS BOOKSTORE MAY BE OBTAINED BY WRITING TO COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 MUNSEY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C. OUR SERVICE IS ENTIRELY WITHOUT CHARGE.

exclusion has been strengthened greatly in this country in recent years. A very decided majority of the public men at Washington are in favor of excluding illiterates. Only seven members of the Senate voted against the test. By far the best speeches in favor of this literacy test to keep out the ignorant were made by Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. Some of what he said is decidedly worth quoting:

I say this literacy test bars a thing—ignorance—I say moreover that in barring this dangerous and evil thing it happens incidentally to admit a very large proportion of the best races of the world and to exclude a very large proportion of the worst. . . . In a certain higher sense there is nothing dangerous in this world except ignorance. . . . I tell you, Senators, you cannot establish democratic institutions anywhere except in a temple which is supported by these four pillars—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Justice! I tell you that neither liberty nor equality nor fraternity nor justice can exist in an ignorant electorate.

It does not make any difference whether the ignorant electorate is a lot of negroes in Mississippi or whether it is a lot of people of the white race somewhere else who cannot read and write, you will have your choice, sooner or later, either to defy the spirit of democracy to prevent them from ruling or else to surrender the soul of democracy while you permit them to rule.

But I say now that you cannot have free institutions grounded upon anything in the world except a homogeneous race. You can try it all you please, but you simply cannot have it. You have got to have a population which is at least potentially assimilable in lawful wedlock. If you do not have a population all elements of which are potentially assimilable in lawful wedlock, then you have in the very midst of the Republic a disintegrating force, undemocratic, unrepudiable. You will have your choice, in certain sections of the country overpopulated by these heterogeneous elements, between either sacrificing your civilization to them or sacrificing your democracy to prevent them from sacrificing your civilization.

Laughter

SENATOR WILLIAMS is not only one of the ablest philosophers in the Senate, in his lighter moments he fulfills the function of a gadfly—and does it with a most acceptable combination of grace and force. The other day Senator J. Ham. Lewis of Illinois was debating the immigration bill. Senator Lewis's speeches are occasionally like his clothes and his manner—highly ornamental. On this occasion he adorned his argument with a statement that Murat, the famous French cavalry leader who became King of Naples, was

a waiter in a restaurant . . . who could not read the tickets which were brought to him with the meal charges.

Senator Williams, when he heard this statement, slipped out to the Senate library and came back in a few minutes with two books, one the Century Cyclopedia and the other the Encyclopædia Britannica. From them he quoted concerning Murat:

. . . Destined for the priesthood . . . obtained a bursary at the College of Cahors, proceeding afterward to the University of Toulouse, where he studied canon law.

The occasions when the word "laughter" punctuates the records of Senate debate are not frequent. This was one of them.

GERMANY IN WAR TIME

THE first thing I saw in war-time Germany was a small cylindrical box, labeled: *Geben zu dem.*



BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH T. WILLIS



even to spiked helmets and miniature swords, leaned from the windows of houses to shake German flags in salute;

The hour was midnight; the place was a narrow station platform at Bentheim, just across the German border from Holland. For some reason that Red Cross box, hanging there on the station wall in the glow of electric bulbs yellow as candlelight, suggested to me a collection box at the entrance of a church. There was something peculiarly religious about it. Tall trees stood like columns close about the station; soft night noises came to my ears; two middle-aged *Landsturm* soldiers standing guard beside the station door, rifles at their sides, watched, motionless as icons; there seemed to be a certain subdued and reverent feeling in the very atmosphere. I felt as if I had just stepped into an old cathedral.

I turned to a fellow traveler and addressed him in a low voice. "It's like a midnight mass!"

"So it is; so it is," he answered under his breath. Then he blurted out loudly, as if to repel the thought that such a scene could touch him. "Well, put fifty pfennig in the box, and come along to a hotel. We got to get some sleep. Got a long journey ahead of us to-morrow."

I dropped some coins noisily into the little box.

"Say," my companion added, as if it were an afterthought, setting down his suit cases and fumbling in his trouser pocket; "will you put that in for me?" He thrust a coin into my hand and walked away.

I pushed the money into the slit in the top of the little box. As it left my fingers, I saw a glint of yellow. He had given me a ten-mark gold piece!

Next morning we were speeding across Germany toward Berlin. I could hardly take my eyes from the window at first; I wanted to see every tiny detail of this great country in the throes of world war. How would it differ from the Germany of peace time? Were the people beginning to feel the pinch of hunger and unemployment? Was industry at a standstill? What difference would war make in the outward looks of things? . . . But a curious question kept intruding itself into my mind. At last I turned to my neighbor.

"What day is to-day?" I asked.

"Day of the week, or month?" he countered.

"Day of the week."

"Monday—wash day. Can't you see Hans's blue shirt and sox and underdrawers hung out to dry on the hedge behind that brick cottage?"

"But I feel as if to-day were Sunday."

"Well, it isn't."

"But doesn't this country give you a sort of 'Sunday feeling'?—as if most of the people had gone to church? Look at those old fellows, those *Landsturm* soldiers—professors, and doctors, and business men—standing guard in the railway stations in their old blue uniforms, with coats made too large so they can fill them out when they grow fat. They're quiet as priests. And look at all the factories we are passing; not a puff of smoke coming out of their stacks. And the canals, without a boat on them; and the streets in the little towns, almost empty. It's Sunday, I tell you. Why, even the black and white cows over there seem to wear a Sunday face! And have you noticed that there aren't any horses visible? They're all in use—taking the people to church."

"To war, you mean!" he retorted. "The horses are with the army."

"But look there," I interrupted. "People are at church. See?—there in that little brick chapel behind the box hedge, see? . . . Oh, my God, it's a funeral! That's a churchyard." We stared. "Aren't those black tombstones dreadful! And look at all the little black, white, and red flags, and the new graves, and the flowers!" As we sped past, a strange sigh came from the air outside. It was the sound of a volley fired over the newest grave.

The Wounded Streaming In

AT OSNABRÜCK we changed to a military train which had come directly from the battle fields in France. A heavy smell of ether drenched all that one breathed, and waxen-faced soldiers, unshaven and some of them very dirty, crammed the little compartments. A splendid young uhlán with a wisp of mustache on his lip leaned negligently against a compartment door, his spur scratching the panel. The front of his green-gray uniform was a mass of what seemed to be brick dust: it was dried blood. Infantrymen with bandaged heads, bandaged arms, bandaged legs, or bandaged shoulders blocked the narrow aisles and lay on the floor between the seats. One man with his jaw shot through breathed noisily. Occasionally some one groaned through clenched teeth as he shifted his position. These were the men who were only slightly wounded.

At every station women from the Red Cross came to meet the soldiers with hot bouillon, hot coffee, stretchers, and ambulances; and at almost every station we picked up new recruits, mostly officers just being called to the colors. They came in their brand-new uniforms with their bright swords at their sides, invariably accompanied by friends who cheered them, and called "Bravo! bravo! congratulations!" as the train pulled out of the station. In Hanover, two women who seemed to be mother and wife of a young hussar just going to the front, were at the station to see him off. He was all smiles, but the two women were in awful agony. They fought to keep their self-possession. The mother's fingers clawed holes in the handkerchief she held in her hand to wave when her boy left her, and the wife's lips trembled as she tried to say the happy nothings which would be everything in the world to her soldier in the field. They smiled to the very last minute, and when the train started and the young officer leaned far out of the window, smiling back at them and waving his handkerchief, they shouted after him. "Congratulations! congratulations! God bless you! congratulations!" They were congratulating him on his chance to die for Germany.

There was an air of heroic happiness about the whole train. Every time another train passed us we were cheered and waved at; the car windows would fly open, men, women, and even children would lean out, calling, waving their handkerchiefs, and smiling—always smiling. Two troop trains went by us, westbound, and their loud hurrahs were electric with feeling. Little boys, dressed in diminutive uniforms,

and little six- and seven-year-old girls called to us shrilly as we went by. It was a continuous ovation for them. To come home wounded was to come in triumph, and ether and bandages and painful mutilations were forgotten in the high joy of such a welcome.

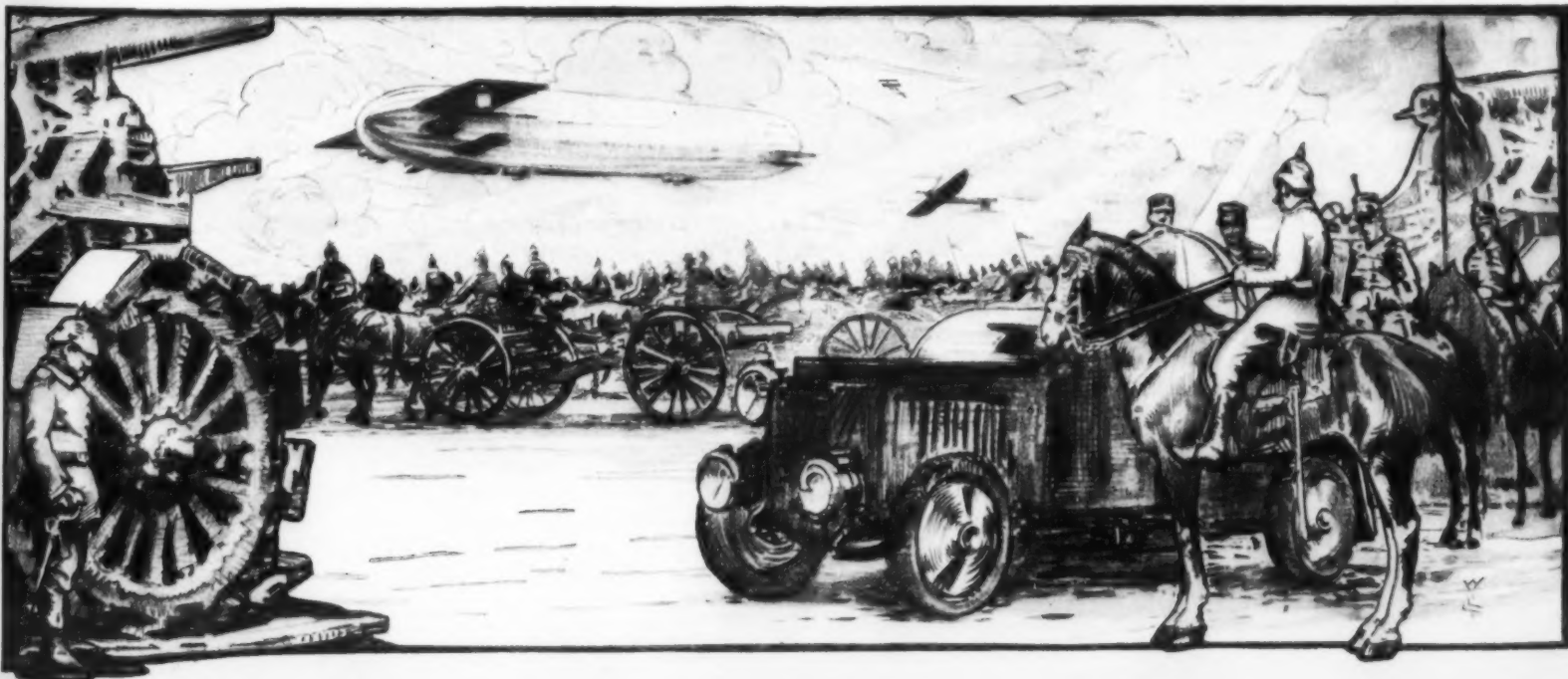
Berlin at last! A huge and powerful city as one saw it from the train for the first time; decorated with innumerable flags, as if for a festival, but mirthlessly. Superficially it resembled Chicago: the same flat profile, the same air of incorrigible newness to streets, houses, public buildings, and parks; but, unlike Chicago, it seemed terribly in earnest—a determined, aggressive, united, and serious-minded city. Even the houses had sober faces. In some cities the houses laugh or leer at one: in Berlin they stare. Under the projecting front of a great warehouse I caught a glimpse of two figures which seemed to me a symbol of Berlin—two mighty Cyclopean stone atlases supporting the weight of the building on their broad Germanic backs and shoulders.

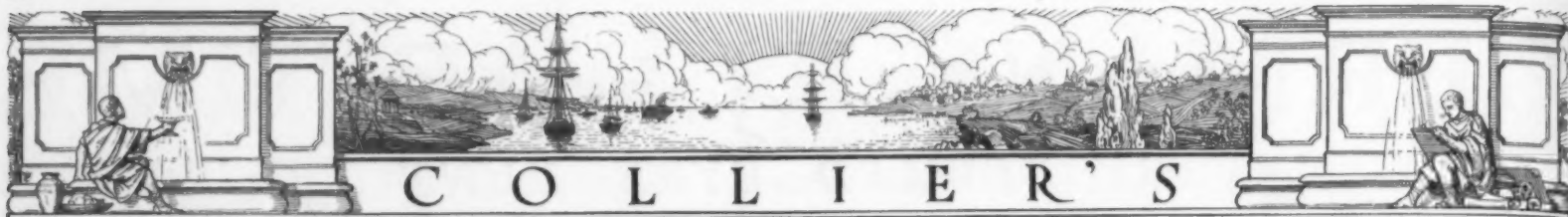
The broad platform of the Friedrichsstrasse Bahnhof was crowded with eager men and women awaiting the arrival of our train. Porters, forty-five, fifty, sixty years old, hobbled about gathering up the luggage. Red Cross workers crowded up to take charge of the wounded. Other soldiers, in every variety of uniform, stood about waiting for trains; some of them in neat, clean, brand-new outfits with yellow boots that squeaked as they walked, and with sprigs of green in their gun barrels; others, just back from the battles in East Prussia, in muddy, war-worn uniforms which they had fought in, and slept in, and traveled in without change; knapsacks on their shoulders, rifles at their hips. It was a crowd shifting like quicksilver, and every face smiling. Even the sixteen-year-old *Mädchen* in charge of the news stand laid down her knitting to watch. (Every woman in Germany is knitting for the soldiers; even seven-year-old girls knit as they rock their dollies to sleep.)

Among the first to leap down from the train was a tall Prussian uhlán on furlough. He had been fighting under Von Hindenburg in the east and Von Kluck in the west, he told me. "Such luck!" as he expressed it. He bounded to the platform like an athlete, although I knew he was wounded; stood stiff for a moment; clicked his heels; saluted with that abrupt mechanical snap of the forearm which is the perfection of impersonal, unemotional recognition; then flung his arms out like a little boy about the shoulders of a splendid gray-bearded giant in general's uniform, and kissed him like a girl.

That nineteen-year-old boy wore over his heart the famous Iron Cross of 1914. The man he kissed wore the Iron Cross of 1870-'71.

The mark of the cross and the sword was on everything. Among the quiet, serious-looking crowds which thronged all the downtown streets during the afternoons and evenings, and which overflowed into those uptown avenues which still were lighted at night, every fifth man was a soldier. And the crowds never tired of the sight of them. They paid each uniform the flattering attention of staring at it as if it were the first they had (Continued on page 28)





Ships and Men

EVEN THOSE WHO SYMPATHIZE with President WILSON'S intentions must admit that, in the debates over his shipping bill, his opponents have had much the best of it. Senator LODGE has been particularly forceful and able. The President wants the Government to buy ships in order to stimulate American trade in Central and South America. All the stimulation he can give to Americans doing business in those countries through Government-owned ships will not be equal to the discouragement he has given them through his Mexican policy. Ships aren't first in developing foreign trade. The first thing is to have American agents in the foreign countries and American credit extended to merchants in foreign countries. Ships come afterward. Now, when the trouble came in Mexico, American residents there were warned to leave. And when persons whose credit and property in Mexico had been destroyed came to the Government at Washington with their grievances they were given short shrift. No number of ships running to South America will build up American trade there unless there is an assurance that American lives and American property in those countries are safe and that their safety will be guaranteed by the strong arm of the American Government. That is the way England has built up her remarkable overseas trade. It would be unfair to say these things without saying at the same time that the President, in his Mexican policy, has honestly believed that he was putting human rights (of Mexicans) above property rights (of non-Mexicans), and that this was the thing his conscience led him to do.

Rush and Roar of Paw-Paw Politics

IN THE STRENUOUS HOOSIER STATE there is no holiday in politics. An election is merely the prelude to another campaign. The Indiana Republicans, greatly heartened by their gains in November, are already preparing to capture the State in 1916. It is reported that HUGH TH. MILLER, who was graciously permitted to lead a forlorn hope against Senator SHIVELY at the last election, may not be the inevitable candidate for Senatorial honors two years hence, when Senator KERN'S term expires. The Hon. JAMES E. WATSON, remembered as one of Uncle JOE'S favorite pupils in Congress, and a standpatter of unimpeachable steadfastness, is even now gumshoeing the Hoosier Commonwealth with a view to gaining the seat once held by BENJAMIN HARRISON. The winds from the paw-paw belt bear also a blithe chirrup that CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, weary of speech making on the virtues of buttermilk and tree planting and the importance of winter flannels, is not averse to accepting the nomination for President from the next Republican National Convention. Meanwhile the Indiana Democracy, whose destinies are controlled by THOMAS TAGGART, is still bewildered by its losses in November. In Indianapolis, which TAGGART was supposed to carry in his pocket, the Republicans elected a Congressman and a solid county ticket by a staggering vote. This result is attributed to dissatisfaction with TAGGART'S Mayor, who is giving the Hoosier capital a splendid example of unenlightened municipal government. These signs of awakening among Republican reactionaries and the prevailing low tone of Democratic politics in Indiana are not calculated to hasten the disintegration of the Progressive party, which cast 108,000 votes for BEVERIDGE in November. If the Republican Old Guard think the recent election amounted to a license to "get by" with any old candidate at all, even such a one as WATSON of Indiana, something pretty striking is likely to happen to them.

The Problem of Unemployment

MEN OUT OF WORK drift into our big cities as casually and normally as water drains downhill. It's the last place they ought to come, but that is what they do. Probably they think, somewhat blindly, that it's the best place to hide during a period of hard luck. The problem then becomes visible and organizations are formed to solve it. The situation does not call for this sort of special effort, nor charity or relief of any sort, but for certain changes in the way in which the work of modern communities is carried on. Our industries are very largely run in close connection with the markets which they supply. The output is adjusted as market conditions change; the ablest and shrewdest men try to see into the future and to anticipate it, with the result that the amount of day's work available in a given town at any time fluctu-

ates enormously. Along with this has grown up the notion that labor is an article to be bought or not bought as needed. The problem of unemployment means that men have come to look at the work of a community as a matter of making salable goods rather than as a matter of serving the community's life. The way out is to get the men in immediate economic authority to plan for spreading work through the entire year, and for distributing slack time instead of lumping it, so that our industries will be more nearly continuous. If this can be done, a vast deal of unemployment will disappear for good. New York City has made a start on this through the appointment of the Mayor's Committee on Employment, headed by the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. The men composing it are mostly officials in large companies, and any action which they may take can be put into effect by means of the regular operations of industry instead of by temporary and artificial makeshifts. As Mr. HENRY BRUERE, the originator of the plan, has pointed out, it may be necessary to supplement this with some form of labor insurance, but the first step in preventing unemployment is to regularize industry. New York's experience will be watched with interest.

Indicted

IN CHICAGO the other day they indicted JULIUS ROSENWALD. If Mr. ROSENWALD has the average sensitiveness of human nature, it may be presumed that this has caused him some mental suffering. People don't like to be indicted. The compensation in Mr. ROSENWALD'S case is that if somebody had to be indicted without justification, or, at best, with only technical justification, nobody is better armored to endure the experience than he is. A good many thousands of persons know Mr. ROSENWALD as high-minded, punctilious, an earnest well-wisher for the good of others, liberal with time, resources, and energy in working for the good, not only of his own community, but for the whole race. The public knowledge of these qualities in him, the number of friends he has, and the number who, not being acquainted with him personally, still have knowledge of his qualities—all these things make him better able to endure the humiliation that has been attempted upon him than a more obscure man. This is the compensation of the case. One could wish to be certain that this indictment were based on no motive except the good of society. One would like to feel that not envy, nor malice, nor any dark turn of political or business intrigue got satisfaction out of the picking of Mr. ROSENWALD from tens of thousands of others. Indictments love a shining mark.

Work Well Done

ADMIRATION FOR A JOB WELL DONE makes it appropriate to say that the manner in which the European war is covered by the New York "Times" and the manner in which the news is served to the "Times" readers are a complete and satisfying achievement.

Don't Mention It

IT IS REPORTED FROM EUROPE that official Germany has dropped the word "neutralität," their equivalent for neutrality, and are now using "ohneseitigkeit," which means literally without-side-edness. The canceled word seems to have been too reminiscent of Belgium, scraps of paper and other torn things. There is an old proverb to the effect that in a family whose relative has been hanged one must never say rope. Germany feels that way.

Fertility and Futility

WE NOTE in the dignified columns of the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine" that in the first seven months of the year 1914 Dr. HUGO MÜNSTERBERG published four books having a total of 1,783 pages. Who was it said that wisdom consists in an abundance of words? Or does it?

Collier's Is Unjust

ONE OF THE BEST MAGAZINE STORIES published in 1914 was JAMES W. FITZPATRICK'S prize story in COLLIER'S, called "The Hospital Ticket." If we weren't so busy praising German activities, we should like to print on this page some of the letters we have had about this story, including the indignant one asserting that the man who wrote it is no author at all, but (so perfect is the local color) a "woods boss." "The Hospital Ticket,"



written about lumber-camp life in the good old, rough old times, has for its scene a town in Minnesota—Bemidji—and now listen to the Bemidji "Pioneer":

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, in publishing the five-hundred-dollar prize story, "The Hospital Ticket," dealt Bemidji a severe blow and in a most unjust manner, and its editor should not delay in informing subscribers, and they total about one million, of the true conditions which now surround this city.

Come, brother, do not be like the rest of them. It seems to be impossible for anyone to write a good story and give it a local place and habitation without stepping on tender toes. Why be offended because Mr. FITZPATRICK tells about TICKLE-THE-WOOD-BOX and his fish-berry knockout drops? It is a good story, isn't it? Several of those "one million" subscribers had never heard of Bemidji at all till Mr. FITZPATRICK came through with his story, so have a heart! However, according to the "Pioneer," the Bemidji of to-day has "paved streets, beautiful lakes, wonderful scenic surroundings, and substantial homes and business blocks," and has been selected "as the proper place for a Sixth Normal School." Bemidji to-day is dry. So much the better for the editor of the "Pioneer" and the editor of the "Sentinel"—but will Bemidji ever be the scene of another story half so exhilarating as "The Hospital Ticket"?

Poetic Justice

ACCORDING to Mr. THOMAS DREIER of Cambridge, Mass., when a man is found drunk in the streets of Copenhagen

he is placed in a cab, taken to the police station, examined by a doctor, and then sent home in the cab. Next morning the bill for the doctor and the cab is sent to the publican who served the victim with his last drink.

This is all very well, but our smart lawyers would make short work of such a statute. They would prove: First, that the man was in a twilight state of illness; second, that he had had another drink later; third, that the barkeeper was trying to sober him; fourth, that the fine amounted to an unconstitutional confiscation of property; and fifth, that two commas were misplaced in the roundsman's report of the affair. That plan may work very well in Copenhagen, but the United States is different.

For France

DOES OUR PROVERBIAL FRIENDSHIP with France, our greatest sister republic, mean anything? Our action now—or our inaction—will answer for us. For a hundred miles along the Aisne, and all along the heights of the Vosges, the citizen-soldiers of France lie intrenched against their enemies to the death—the invader and winter. It is not shrapnel alone that kills, but cold and exposure. When our ancestors camped in snow-crusted Valley Forge, they were heartened, not by the comradeship of young French officers alone, but also by the supplies and money advanced by the French Government of that time and by chivalrous individuals. It is now our privilege to help to relieve the sufferings of the French citizen-army. A committee has been organized by Americans to furnish what they have named "the Lafayette Kit" to as many as possible of the men in the trenches. Each kit will cost two dollars and will contain fleece-lined underclothes, sox, woolen gloves, muffler, handkerchief, etc. The committee will itself stand all the expenses of transmission, and whatever you subscribe to the Lafayette Kit will go without deduction to the men who are fighting for their country, their hearthstones, and the light of civilization. To become a contributor, send two dollars or more to ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON, treasurer, Vanderbilt Hotel, New York. This is our chance to show, as individuals, where our sympathies lie. France did not fail us when we fought for independence. Let us not fail France—battling for existence as a nation.

The Selection of Mediocrity

TWO UNITED STATES SENATORS will leave office next fourth of March. Both are leaving for one reason: they believed they could not hope for reelection under the new system of choosing Senators by popular vote instead of through the Legislature. The two are Senator ELIHU ROOT of New York and Senator THEODORE BURTON of Ohio. We think they were both mistaken in their apprehension. They both had to make their decision nearly a year ago. At that time the conservative shade of politics which they represent was more unpopular than it is to-day. Of course it is too late to reconsider now, and perhaps Senator ROOT's age is such that his retirement from public life is permanent. Senator BURTON is still

young enough to return. These two men are probably the most able representatives in the Senate of the conservative shade of public opinion. We have no hesitation in saying that their retirement is an unqualified harm. Senator BURTON possesses, probably more than any other man in the Senate, a scholarly knowledge of the fundamental laws of finance and business, just the sort of knowledge most needed by the men managing the United States. He is the author of a standard book, entitled "Theory of Commercial Crises and Industrial Depressions." He has just celebrated his last year in the Senate by leading a successful fight in opposition to the Rivers and Harbors Pork Bill. If Ohio is to furnish the next Republican Presidential candidate, BURTON is a good man.

Help!

MANY WORDS AND PHRASES need standardization when they first break into the language. One such is "highbrow." Different persons mean very different things by it. X regards it as a term of utter opprobrium, hinting extreme intellectual snobbery and affectation. Y applies it merely as the opposite of "lowbrow." Z uses it in a complimentary sense, implying a taste for anything

above the low-water mark of mediocrity and commonness. This word "highbrow" is one of the best now emerging from slang into vital English. It deserves a better fate than this divergence of implications. How do you use it? What do you think it means? Send us a definition if you can formulate one of less than twenty words. If you feel inclined to coin an epigram explaining the term, so much the better. The comment that seems to us the keenest is likely to achieve the world-upheaving distinction of getting itself and its author's name upon this page.

When Every Woman Knits

IN THESE DAYS, when every woman knits, it is easily discernible that ways of knitting are almost as various as are the knitters themselves. Many a woman is a novice for whom a Balaklava helmet or a mitten is a serious occupation requiring concentrated attention and steady patience. Some, however, are old hands, who dash away on the journey round a sock with the nonchalance of the initiated, talking and laughing withal, as if the management of five slippery steel needles were as easy as cat's cradle. Between the novice and the initiated lies the great world of knitters. There sits the scientific knitter, one needle erect, the other laboriously threading the labyrinth with even, exact precision. There sits the mathematician, slowly pacing the distance across a muffler, each stitch as accurate and complete and difficult as an algebraic equation. There is the ruminating knitter, who slowly lifts thread over needle as if her whole soul were wrapped up in the poetry of gray yarn and two needles. There is the advocate of the German method upon the ground of efficiency and speed. And there is she that knits like a lady—just knits, and that is all there is to say about it.

Fifth Avenue, 1915

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

*The motor cars go up and down,
The painted ladies sit and smile.
Along the sidewalk, mile on mile,
Parade the dandies of the town.*

*The latest hat, the latest gown,
The tedium of their souls beguile.
The motor cars go up and down,
The painted ladies sit and smile.*

*In wild and icy waters drown
A thousand for a rock-bound isle.
Ten thousand in a black defile
Perish for justice or a crown.
The motor cars go up and down. . .*

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

GREETING — you

In the offices, banks, mills, and cities and little towns.

Or doing the work of the world.

In frozen Alaska, where ever where substitution and "half-gad

In tropical jungles.

In navy ward-rooms, on far-far a whiff of the right cigarette at Home.

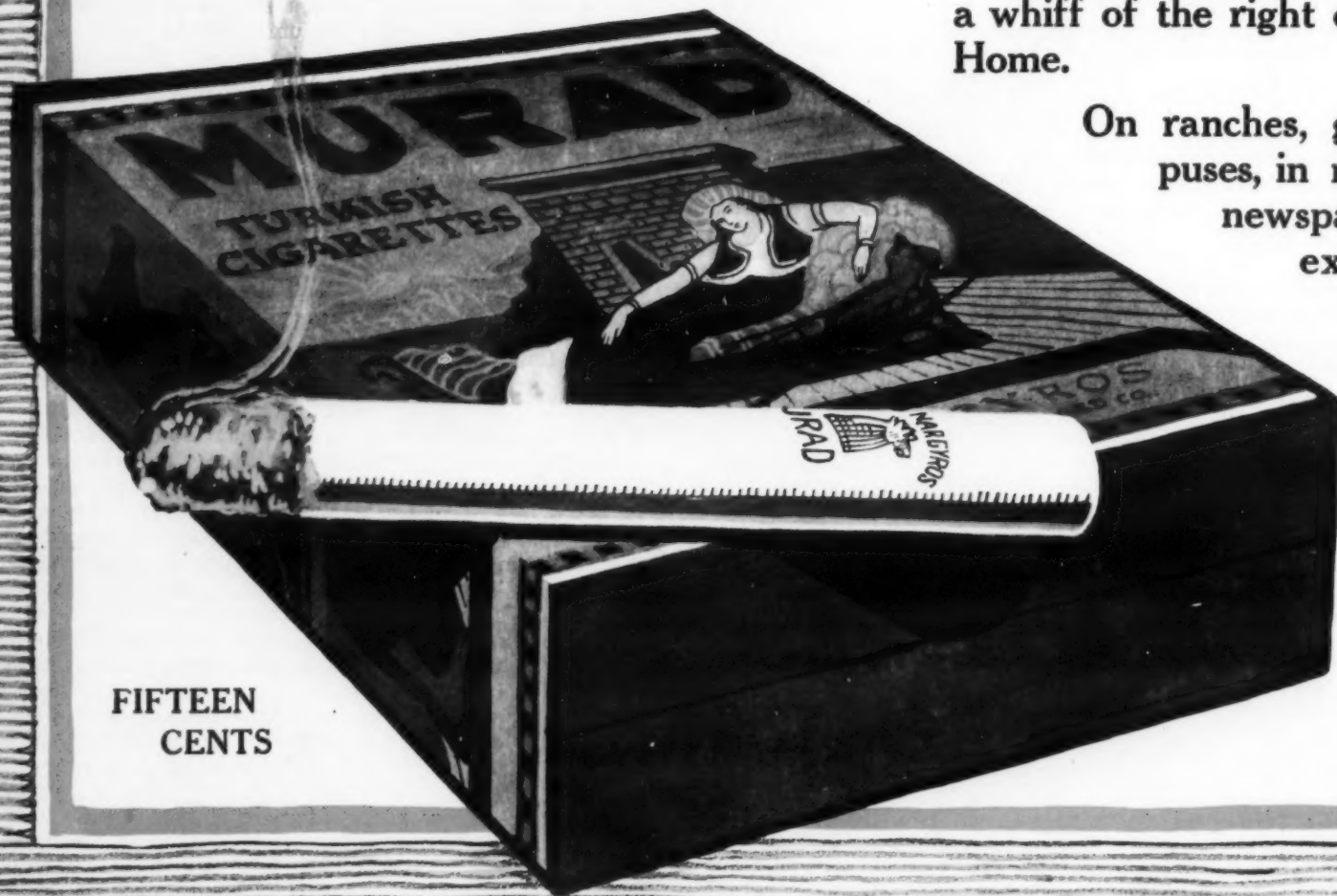
On ranches, golf links, and puses, in mining camps,

newspaper sanctuaries,

exchanges, le

wherever

profession



FIFTEEN
CENTS

Makers of the
Turkish

MURADS

-you smokers of MURADS, wherever you are!

, millfactories, of the big

the world in the big open—

where every ounce counts,
“half-pd” are dangerous.

on far army posts, where
cigarette a “wireless” from

if links ocean liners, cam-
ning caps, clubs, studios,
er saniums, hotels, stock
changes, legislatures, or
wherever the layman or
professional man gathers.

Wherever the FLAG flies or American genius
has penetrated.

Greeting!

MURADS are THE Turkish cigarette, aren't
they?

They DO stand the test.

They DO smooth over the rough places and
make the smooth ones more delightful.

You have smoked MURADS and YOU KNOW.

And you have told the man working or playing
shoulder to shoulder with you, about MURADS.

It is YOU who have made MURADS the great-
est-selling 15-cent Turkish cigarette in the world.

*Everywhere—
Why?*

Margyros
A CORPORATION

Makes the highest grade
Turkish cigarettes in the world

BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

CHAPTER V THE HEIGHTS

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THE day came sooner than she expected. The short hours she had been able to spend with Lucia Streeter and Thornton and Hare were curtailed, for there was much to be done before the house could be made ready for its new occupants. Treasures had to be locked away, drawers emptied, trunks packed, and furniture renovated, and Barbara must see to it all. In addition, she had the annual strain of examinations in the academy, and the tiresome reiteration of the commencement exercises. She was exhausted and worn by the time she had the trunks packed, and was ready to begin the journey north. The night before they started Anita said:

"I've asked your Dr. Hare to travel with me. I'm too sick to go that long way with nobody but you."

Since Hare's visits Anita had been taking great pride in her illness; since he would charge her nothing she felt able to indulge in the luxury of conspicuous invalidism. Barbara was glad that he was coming. Perhaps he would stay in the little New York village for a day or two until her first sense of strangeness wore off. But all she said was:

"I reckon that'll make it easier for you, sister Anita."

The railroad journey over, Anita was received in the sanitarium by sympathetic doctors and professionally cheery nurses. It was late afternoon before she was comfortably settled, and Barbara was free to seek a boarding place in the village. Hare walked with her from the sanitarium, and after they had left the grounds he said:

"Look your last; you won't see this place again."

"What do you mean?" asked Barbara, startled.

"Simply that Thornton and I have been working together. The doctors don't want you to see Mrs. Langworthy, and they'll take off your shoulders the burden of explaining why. Before they've done she'll get the impression that the presence of anyone from Albemarle County would retard her recovery."

"She'll get the impression that it's I who have kept her sick," thought Barbara. Aloud she said:

"But where am I to go?"

"That lies with you, but I've a suggestion to make. In my opinion, there's a piece of luck hanging heavy, heavy over your head."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"There is a patient here who is going to join her husband at Lake Tahoe. One of the doctors was telling me about it and saying he supposed he'd have to send a nurse with her. I thought to myself why shouldn't you go? Your fare would be paid out there, and Lake Tahoe's a wonderful place."

"It's all so surprising," Barbara said. "I was so sure I'd have to stay with sister Anita."

"If I had my way," went on Hare, "you'd not stay at Lake Tahoe, for it's too full of people. You would go on by steamer to a little port on the lake; from there you'd take a long drive by stage up and up through the granite mountains, and then you would drive to the little green oasis called Hilton's Camp. I was there once with the Farleys. The air is wonderful, beyond belief; it makes one want to climb to the topmost peaks."

"Oh," cried Barbara in an ecstasy of relief. "Oh, if only I can get away, it will not be hard to climb to the very stars."

"Then it's Hilton's Camp?" he asked.

"Yes, oh, yes, Hilton's Camp."

"I wish I could go myself," he said with regret in his tone. "I'd like to be with you when you're climbing to the stars. But I'm going to take mother back with me to Pasadena, and we'll perhaps go to some place by the sea—and the Pacific Ocean, to my mind, is the farthest possible distance from the stars."

"How good you are to me," cried Barbara fervently; "how good you and Stephen both have been to me! This summer will give me a new lease of life. It will be the happiest summer I've ever spent."

THE stage rattled to the top of the last mountain, and the driver stopped to rest his horses. Barbara gave a soft sigh, the tremulous, satisfied sigh of one whose soul has touched its highest flight. In the morning she had left Lake Tahoe—Tahoe, as deep blue as an Egyptian sky, and hung six thousand feet above the green seas. There had been a dream-like sail across the velvet water and a long waiting on a little dock, where she looked down on the myriads of fish gleaming golden and terra cotta in the blue waters. Then the stage had come, and she had ridden in it, the sole passenger, through scant woods and brief, bare, rocky reaches, stopping now



She held the lamp high, looking at herself. She seemed almost transformed. "I look as if I could live!" she whispered to herself

and then to deliver packages or mail to campers along the route, and climbing, always, until at last she was in sight of Hilton's Camp.

Looking down, she could see a green grove in the heart of a rocky valley. About it wound a river which had come hurtling down two thousand feet, over boulders and fallen trees; sometimes it showed deep green narrow pools between storming white cascades, and sometimes it was wide and calm as a village pond.

In the center of the grove was a long, bare house, and set among the trees, here and there, were tents and tiny wooden cottages.

Beyond the grove and the river towered the mountains, reach upon reach, in bare gray pomp. Barbara, used to the soft azures and purples and varying green of the Blue Ridge Mountains, had never known there could be heights so impressive as these granite Sierras. The unrelieved gray color came to her first almost as a shock, and then she had felt the majesty of these uncompromising ranges. Instead of softness and depth, she saw naked symmetry, rugged, powerful peaks and ridges, giving, despite their verdure, an unclothed aspect, climbing and soaring till they seemed to touch the line of the sky. Far off, twin peaks wore white crowns, and under them lay lavender shadows, darkening into purple and then into black.

"Oh, wait!" Barbara cried, as the stage driver clicked at his horses. He was a light little man with flat, bluish cheeks, and a small, quivering nose crowded in between.

"All right," he said obligingly, "but if you'd gone over this trail as often as I have, you'd prefer supper to scenery."

The horses took the downward winding half mile as swiftly as the grinding brakes would permit. Barbara sat watching the gray mountains darken, while lights began to twinkle in the buildings below. The driver and the horses had the sense of coming into the familiar purlieus of home, but Barbara felt that she was entering upon lands of adventure.

They clattered up to the main house, and a knot of guests came to see the mail carried in and to inspect the new arrival. They were mainly coast people, leaving their low shores for the life-giving mountain air, chiefly family groups. A few isolated men and women there were, and among these one woman at once caught Barbara's attention. Their eyes sent each other a message of congeniality. She was a stout, tall, placid-faced woman of more than middle age, with kindly, shrewd eyes, and a ready smile. She came forward to greet Barbara.

"It's Mrs. Rhodes, isn't it?" she asked. "Mrs. Hilton is in the kitchen, so you must let me play hostess. We didn't expect you till to-morrow. I'm Miss Bestor."

They clasped hands and exchanged a few commonplace words about Barbara's drive. The other guests were reading their mail; two men were carrying Barbara's trunk and suit case to her tent. Mrs. Hilton

came from the kitchen, a spare, speedy little woman. "Well, I'm glad to see you," she said. "Supper'll be ready in a minute. We've all had ours, because the stage was late, and we didn't expect any passengers. Maybe Miss Bestor will sit with you while you eat."

"Indeed I will," Miss Bestor said. "But perhaps Mrs. Rhodes would like to see her tent first."

"She don't look as if she needed washing up," Mrs. Hilton said; "however—"

She led the way to a tent on the very outskirts of the grove. A tall pine sheltered it. The sounds of the river came whispering by, and some nesting birds were twittering sharply.

"It's a good way from the other tents and shacks," Mrs. Hilton said, "but you wrote that you wanted to be as comfortable as you could, and this tent's got a bureau, besides the washstand, and pegs to hang things on, and a little table to write on."

"It's delightful," Barbara said, looking over the primitive accommodations with high approval. "I shan't be afraid."

"I don't know what you could be afraid of unless your own nerves! You see where the matches are kept," Mrs. Hilton said, lighting the lamp. "Supper'll be ready when you are. They've put some hot water here for you this evening, but after this you'll mostly have to get it for yourself if you want it."

Left alone, Barbara smiled quizzically at Mrs. Hilton's informality. It was not the manner she was used to meeting in people who served in household ways for her. She made use of the hot water and went back to the main building. Miss Bestor, who was waiting for her at the door of the office, showed her to the dining room and sat down opposite her.

"This is supper," Miss Bestor said; "except for the name, you wouldn't know it from dinner. We get almost the same things at noon and at night, but plenty of them. I wish I could make the girls in my school as well pleased with monotony in food as I am. There! haven't I adroitly enough advised you that I am the mistress of a girls' school?"

Miss Bestor was the sort of person whom everyone called "Annie Bestor" without any sense of disrespect. She had a glad, full laugh and a cool, resolute look. There was about her an air at once humorous and well bred, which pleased Barbara, who was not accustomed to anything but seriousness in middle-aged people.

"You've forgotten to tell me where your school is," Barbara said.

"Los Angeles, of course. Don't I hear the Los Angeles mark? But perhaps you know nothing of Californian distinctions?"

"I've never been west of Chicago," Barbara admitted, "and I reckon my speech will tell you where I've spent most of my life."

THEY got on famously, and after supper they went out into the big yard inclosing the main building. In front of a pile of rocks, so cunningly placed ages before that they could be used for seats, was a huge log, burning brightly.

"We have a fire here every night," Annie Bestor explained, "for it's always chilly in the evenings in the Sierras. Those of us who care to, sit about and talk or sing. It's very easy and democratic, and doubtless not at all what you have been accustomed to." The log-fire group broke up at about half past eight. Annie Bestor took Barbara to her tent and lighted her lamp.

"As Mrs. Hilton always says about the hot water, 'Another time you'll have to look after it yourself,'" she remarked.

Barbara went to sleep at once. She woke to find the inside of her tent a pearly white in the sunshine. For a long time she lay and looked at its roof, upon which the pine leaves were shadowed like great branches of chrysanthemums. From the yard she could hear the call of voices, and from the river bank the guttural mutter of Indian women washing clothes.

She sprang out of bed. She was only going to breakfast in a strange room with a number of strange people, and yet she felt such zest as she had never known before.

She spent much of the morning with Annie Bestor. She would have been glad to join some one of the groups of people following the various trails for a day of climbing, but Annie Bestor negated the ambition until Barbara should have become rested from her journey. They took, instead, a mile-long stroll beside the river, and this Barbara found sufficiently

tiring. When evening came she was glad to sit quietly about the log fire and listen to the accounts her fellow guests gave of their day.

During the next few days she became very well acquainted with Annie Bestor. She felt in their association the promise of a friendship. Annie Bestor was a poor climber, but Barbara found that she herself had a gift of holding to a trail and she began to join the parties of the most ambitious climbers. One day, when she had been in the mountains for a week, she went on a short trip which got her home in time for the midday meal. She spent the first part of the afternoon with Annie Bestor. Later on she went for a walk along the coach road. She climbed the half mile above Hilton's Camp, and stood on the spot where she had got her first real view of the Sierras. Then she followed a trail running aslant from the road.

She had gone but a few rods when she saw a man approaching. At first she looked at him indifferently, and then something familiar about his figure set her pulses fluttering. The man started, stared, and hurried toward her. It was Hare.

"Barbara!" he cried, "it almost seems as if you had known I was coming!"

He had never called her Barbara before, nor seemed so glad to see her; and never before had she given him such a glad welcome. "You!" she cried. "But it is a miracle! I was just thinking of you."

"Why shouldn't you be," he responded, "when I've been thinking of you ever since I left Albemarle County?"

She felt that they had never before spoken so intimately together.

"But how did you get here?" she asked, trying to give the encounter a practical tone.

"There's a trail that slants across from one part of the coach road to another, cutting off about three miles. As I wanted some exercise, I took it," he said.

"Oh, I don't mean that," Barbara returned. "But I thought you were going to take your mother to Pasadena?"

"Mother begged for just one more summer at home," he said, "and I couldn't bear not to give it to her. I went down to Pasadena, intending to work for a while. But my assistant was handling everything perfectly, and it seemed such an extraordinarily healthy season, and so confoundingly dull in Pasadena, that I began to think of my own wants."

"Yes, you haven't had any vacation," she said; "you really got a lot of practice in Albemarle County."

"I've always wanted to be in this place again," he said. "I was here the year after I first came to California with the Farleys and some other people."

"By the way, one of the women I've met here, Miss Bestor, knows Mrs. Farley very well. Mrs. Farley used to go to school to her."

SHE was about to add the information that Mrs. Farley had had all her plans made to come to Hilton's Camp for the summer, and then had suddenly changed them to go to the seashore. She was glad she did not when Hare said:

"I wish you could meet Mrs. Farley. You'd like her. She generally comes to the mountains, but this year her husband insisted on the beach for the children. She's at the place mother and I would have gone to if mother had come West now!"

That friendship with the Farleys must be a strong one, Barbara reflected. She found herself more keenly interested in Hare's relationships than she had known she could be.

"You can't have mentioned me to Miss Bestor," Hare went on, "or she would have told you that I am a friend of hers. She's a good sort, but a miserable climber. We'll often have to leave her behind, Barbara. We're going to have a bully time, aren't we?"

"Oh, we are," she responded gleefully. "It just needed a real friend to make this place perfect."

Color had risen in her cheeks and her eyes were shining. She looked to Hare much as she had when he had come upon her, after years of absence, in the driveway before Grassmere. Then he had felt a warmth due to long acquaintance and touched with the remembrance that she was one of the Langworthys. Now he added the sense of a host and a protector. He would show her the most magnificent aspect of his California, and since she had come here at his suggestion, he would take care that her vacation should be all she

could wish. "I'm going to leave you," Barbara said frankly. "I didn't come up here to meet you, but if I ride down with you in the coach, it will seem as if I did. I'll run on ahead, and be one of the interested spectators when you arrive."

"Good girl," he commended. "No matter how we act when we meet, they won't believe it after three days."

"Au revoir," she called, laughing, and began to run lightly down the long hill.

When had she felt like running before, she asked herself. Her heart was as light as her feet. Hare was revealing a new side of himself; he had an air of playful camaraderie which she liked, and which no one had ever shown her. Already she began to wonder how long he could stay. He was going to be the splendid climax of her holiday, and she wanted the climax to be as long drawn out as possible.

Very often she wore to supper the loose blouse and divided skirt which was the regulation climbing costume. But on this evening she hurried to her tent and put on the gown that was most becoming. It was black, as were all her clothes; the people at Hilton's crest, except Miss Bestor, thought she had been rather recently widowed. Barbara surveyed herself in the mirror with a touch of discontent. She decided that in the autumn she would wear a little color; Anita need not see it. She remembered a

white fichu which one of her pupils had given her, and she added it to her gown, with the result that she was transformed.

"Honey," she said to herself in the glass, "I reckon there are people homelier than you are in this world!"

She called at Annie Bestor's shack that they might go together to await the coming of the coach. "Why, child," Annie Bestor said, "you don't look a day over twenty-two! Why in the world haven't you been putting on white before?"

"I don't know," Barbara said. "Or, of course I do; I couldn't have worn it in Anita's company. One of my pupils gave me this, or I'd never have had it."

"Wait!" Annie Bestor said; "one of my pupils gave me something that you suggest a use for. The nice young goose saw me off at the train and pushed it in my hand at parting. Here it is."

She clasped a string of blue beads about Barbara's neck.

"Good enough," she said; "they repeat the color of your eyes. Now, anyone who wants to be gay may speak above a whisper in your presence."

"Dear me!" said Barbara in dismay; "am I as gloomy a force as all that?"

"Not gloomy so much as frozen. Come along; I hear the rattle of the coach."

"I'm melting every day," Barbara assured her as they crossed the yard.

They stood in front of the office door as the coach jangled and clattered down the last lap of the hill and dashed triumphantly into the yard. It bore several new guests, most of them cramped from the long ride. Hare leaped down last, and was greeted enthusiastically by Mrs. Hilton.

"Why, if it isn't Dr. Hare!" she cried. "I thought I knew your face. Well, well, but I'm glad you've come back. I haven't forgotten the way you took that bone out of the baby's throat. Jimmy," she added warningly to her husband, a neat little sprightly old man who was conducting the registration of the other new guests—"Jimmy, remember the big tent that the Martins have just vacated is for Dr. Hare."

"Yep," returned her husband, and the other new arrivals, understanding perfectly that Hare had made no reservation, and was being preferred over them, looked at him with disfavor.

"There's one of my pals," Annie Bestor said, "Dr. Leonard Hare. Now we'll be sure of a squire, and I can tell you one is needed even here."

"I know Dr. Hare," Barbara said. "He comes from Albemarle County, and he's one of the first persons I can remember. But he didn't tell me he was coming here."

Hare joined them, shaking hands first with Annie Bestor and then with Barbara. "How are you, Miss Bestor? How are you, Miss Barbara? I'm a lucky man to have decided all in a minute upon a vacation, and then to have fallen among friends."

BARBARA enjoyed their little deception, even though she felt it was silly. Mrs. Hilton, seeing that Hare had found friends, promptly arranged for him to sit at the same table with Barbara and Annie Bestor. Then she pointed out his big tent, which was not far from Barbara's. After supper, when they were sitting in the light of the burning log, Hare murmured to Barbara: "It took my breath, Barbara, when I saw you with that blue chain around your throat. It made me remember you as a little girl, when you were always wearing flaming scarlet and sky-blues. It made me realize more than ever how wicked Mrs. Langworthy is."

But Barbara was in no mood for self-pity.

"This summer isn't being wasted," she said. "Whether I have to go back to prison or not, I'm free for this summer."

"You're a dead game sport, Barbara," he said. "I've always thought so."

Barbara smiled as she reflected that the time had been when she would have been very much offended at the idea of "little Leonard Hare," as Gilbert had always called him, dubbing her a "dead game sport." Now she took the praise with elated satisfaction.

The next day they went on a stiff climb with a number of people who sat at their table. After the first minute or two, Hare and Barbara were well in the lead.

"I've got to lead on these trails," Hare told her. "It always humiliates me to be in a party with a man who has as much speed and endurance as I have. I wondered if I'd have (Continued on page 23)



She sat down wearily and he fanned her with his hat. "You're the very gamest girl!" he cried. "I should think those slugs down by the fire would be ashamed!"

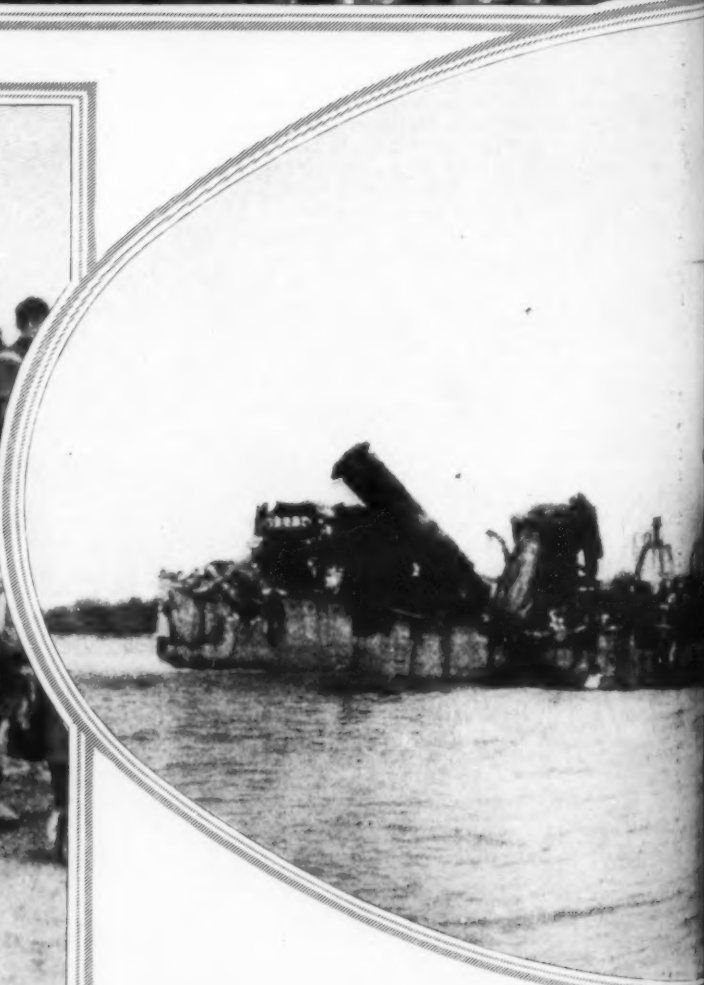


IN THEIR ADVANCE through the Austrian province of Galicia and the crownland of Bukowina the Russians did not destroy as many cities and towns as the Germans did in Belgium and northern France, but the work of devastation in that region left millions of people homeless. A group of women who have lost their homes in Bukowina are seen in the photograph above. They are waiting at a village station for a train to take them out of the path of the Czar's army. In the large snapshot at the right a body of German prisoners in the custody of French cuirassiers are seen marching to a camp south of Rheims. They were captured in the vicinity of Verdun, the great French stronghold on the Meuse



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RAGGED SERBIAN PRISONERS under an Austrian guard. After the fall of Belgrade the Serbs seemed to be done for, but they were only shaken. In a few days they pulled themselves together and drove the Austrians back across the border. By winning this victory the Serbs reestablished their military glory and saved the life of their nation



THE BATTERED REMAINS of the light German cruiser Emden. The big Australian battle cruiser Sydney. The Emden, under the command of Captain von Souchon, sank \$5,000,000 worth of British shipping before she was run down and the result of the fight was a foregone conclusion. The

atch of Empires

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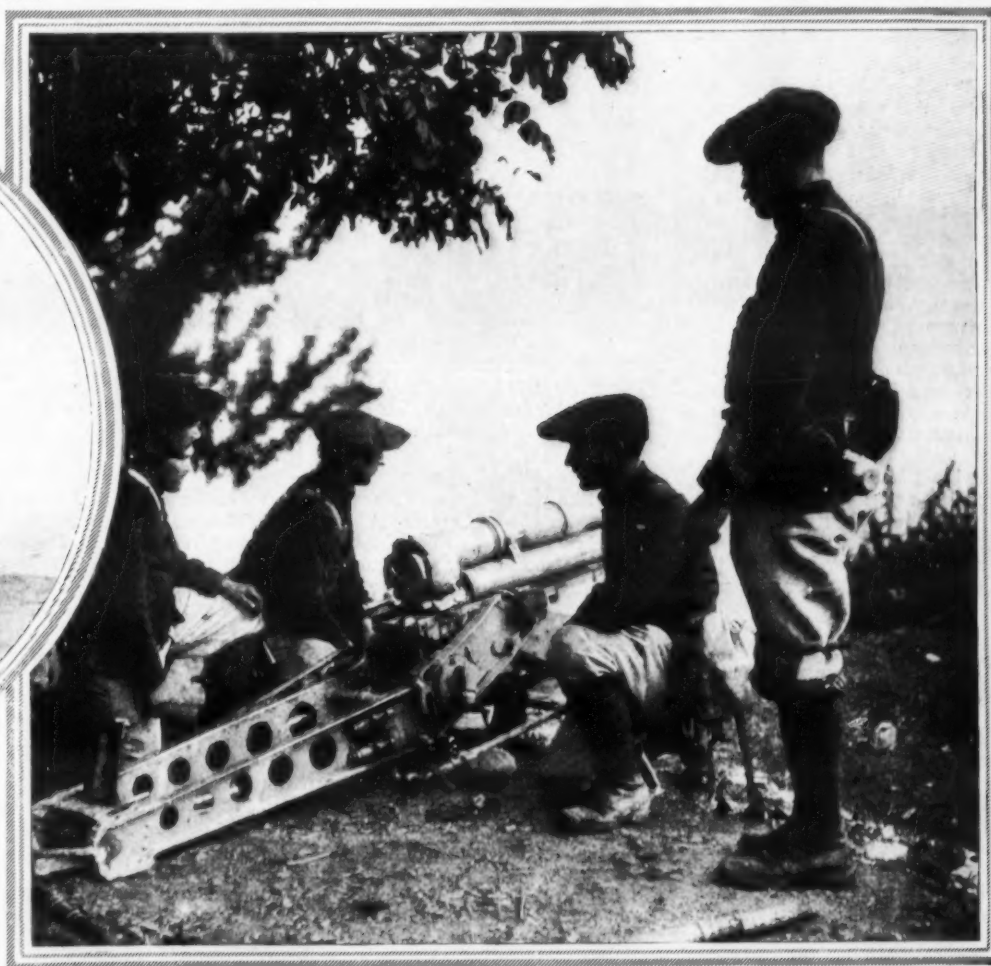
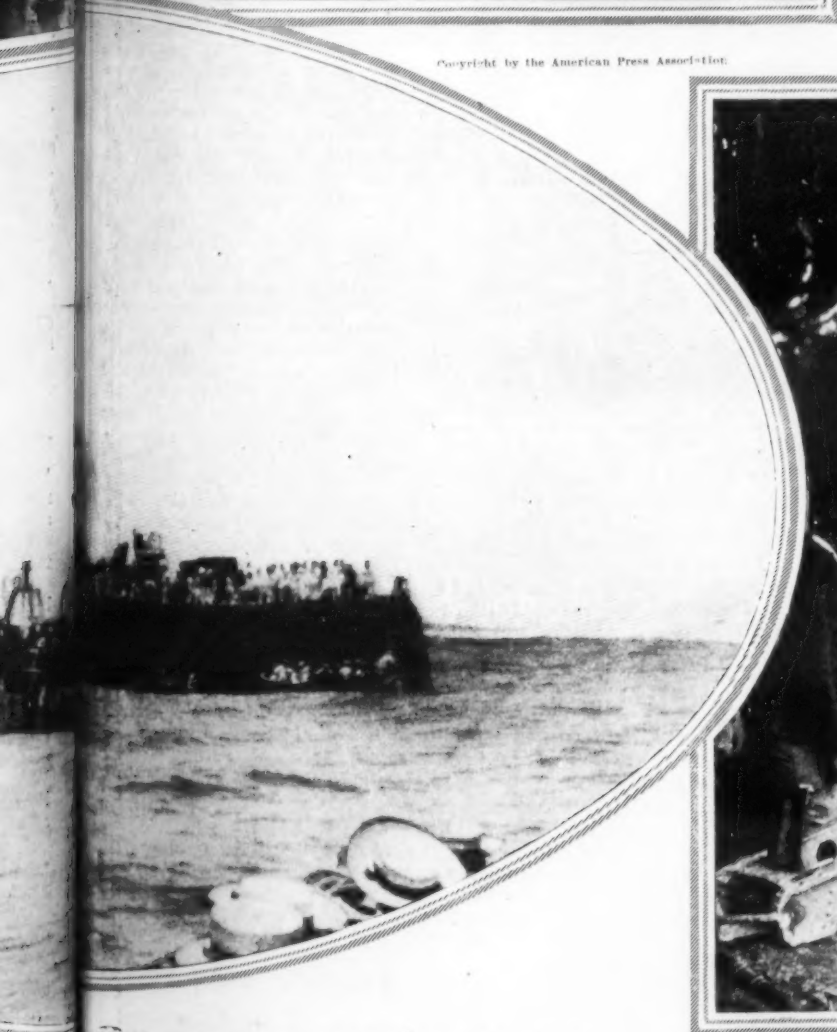


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AUSTRIA'S HABIT OF LOSING has become chronic. Her occasional small gains are mere preludes to big Russian victories. The Czar has taken most of the wide strip of Austrian territory east of the Carpathian Mountains, and Emperor Francis Joseph has lost over a million of his best troops. Nothing short of a marvelous rally by the Austro-Hungarian forces or an unexpected show of weakness by the Russians will save the Dual Monarchy from being overrun. Above is a snapshot of Austrian soldiers in a trench on a steep hillside in western Galicia, the scene of much of the fiercest fighting in the eastern battle zone. The men are awaiting an attack by the Russians, who are entrenched a few hundred feet away

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FRENCH ALPINE CHASSEURS in the Vosges-Alsace region. A battalion of Alpine troops distinguished themselves in the capture of Steinbach. With quick-firers they drove the Germans from the heights and then led a desperate house-to-house infantry charge. The fight at Steinbach was one of the bloodiest encounters of the war

... Island, in the Indian Ocean, after her losing fight with the
... Captain von Muller, eluded the Allies' warships for weeks, destroy-
... pieces. The Sydney was the Emden's superior in every sense,
... record as a raider is unique in the history of naval warfare

WHY RUSSIA IS FIGHTING

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY F. MATANIA

BRITAIN is fighting for disarmament and universal peace. France is fighting to save herself from the monster who has already devoured a portion of her side, Alsace-Lorraine. Germany is fighting to impose her order on the rest of the world—to make us all, as it were, wear German uniforms. Germany has had great dreams; one of them was of a German and Austrian belt from Helgoland to Constantinople; another was of a finally subjugated France and, possibly, of a Belgium absorbed into the German Empire. Germany, taking herself seriously as the standard bearer of western civilization, considers that she has carried order, cleanliness, education, and national efficiency to a point of perfection unattainable by the people of other countries. Russia is fighting to preserve her national life and religion.

Of all nations, the most abhorrent to the Germans must be the Russians. The Russian character, temperament, and mind are all opposed to the German soul. The Russian subtlety and contradictoriness, the Russian mysticism and impracticalness, above all things Russian national untidiness, are intolerable to the German. The German is filled with loathing directly he passes the Russian frontier; the difference between the well-built towns, storehouses, and firm highways of eastern Prussia and the wildernesses of Russian Poland is almost incredible. To enter Russia is to step down into an inferior world—a world that needs setting right. "Russia offers wonderful material for the making of history," said Bismarck; "let but its feminine type of population be interbred with our strong masculine Germans." "The Slavonic peoples are not a nation," wrote Emperor William, "but rather soil on which a nation with a historic mission might be grown." "The Slavs are impossible," says Francis Joseph; "I had rather be a sentry outside a tent in our army than monarch of a Slav nation."

In this it is impossible not to see a considerable amount of German stupidity. The Germans are going to suffer terribly through their ignorance of the strength of Russia, through their inability to realize to what an extent the Russians are national.

It is because of their national individuality and of their vast population of like faith, like tongue, and like point of view that the Russians go to the front in confidence. When the Germans attack the Russians they are attacking a nation that has a background of eight thousand miles.

Casting Out the German Spirit

THIS war has come as a relief to Russia, uniting all parties under one idea. For a long while Russia has been subjected to a strong German influence. Germany has long felt that "something might be done" with Russia, and it has done all it could to give a Germanizing tint to Russian Government. It is not without significance, that story in Dostoevsky's "Adult," of the German who shot himself through vexation at the idea that Russia might come to nothing.

The brutality with which the Russian revolutionary movement was put down was not only approved by the Germans but received a considerable amount of inspiration from them.

Prince Troubetskoi, in a recent article, is even ready to say that there lies a German hidden under many Russian breasts. If that is so, it may account

for many a brutal act and much of the feeling of oppression in Russia. When war was declared, Russia suddenly grew lighter, as if an evil spirit had jumped off her back. German subjects were put under arrest and sent to remote places. German shops were closed, German goods tabooed. Berlin-

ness rather than rapacity, and though, of course, there lurks in the Russian soul not only the brutal German, but the more brutal Tartar, yet it is love to one another, fellow sympathy in suffering, and gentle sociability that keep the great nation together. It is these sentiments that unite them round the sacred ark of the race.

The Germans, sneering at the weak and at the victims of their lust for power, with their brutal materialism and their cruelty, represent that which is most foreign to the Russian heart and, consequently, that which is most abhorrent to all the people.

One of the commonest headings in Russian papers is "Holy War." A war, if it is going to have any success in Russia, must be a holy war. The Crimean War was a holy war to protect the Russian pilgrims from the persecutions of the Turks. The Japanese War never succeeded in getting thought holy—that was why it failed so disastrously. This war is holy to everyone, and its motto is: getting rid of the German spirit in life, getting rid of the sheer materialistic point of view, getting rid of brutality and the lack of understanding of others.

The great spiritual power of the war has worked miracles in the social life of the people.

Russia Herself Again

HOW seriously the war is taken! "What do you make of the war?" I asked a well-known Russian the other day.

"It is the last judgment," said he. "Everyone has been handed in his account. Now we've got to get square with destiny. We must realize all our resources of will and faith and health, and put them in front of our national life to save it."

"It reminds me of the crisis in the drama of 'Peer Gynt.' You remember when the button molder came and said to Peer that his day was done and that he must be put into the melting pot and recast as some one else. Peer searched in his history and in his life for something that could redeem him. Only in the peasant girl Solveig did he find refuge from the molder. So with Russia—to her also the button molder has come and offered to melt her up with a strong alloy of Germany into something new. She must go to her peasants if she wishes to remain herself. In the hour of distress it is our peasants who will save us." For Russia, above all things, is fighting that she may go on being herself.

Russia's Bright To-morrows

EVERYONE who loves Russia believes in her personal destiny.

She is the youngest of the nations; she has a great life before her.

She fights, and as she fights the year grows colder and more bitter. Commissaries have visited Moscow, buying heavy overcoats for the army for the winter, and we know that the war becomes heavier, gloomier.

Yet now and again we spare a glance beyond winter and ask what it will be like when the foe is beaten.

Will not Russia emerge greater than before—the true mother of the Slav races?

Will not the Eastern Church remain unshaken, surer of itself, with all its heritage of early Christian tradition and its present-day spiritual strength?



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"This war is holy to everyone and its motto is: Getting rid of the German spirit in life, getting rid of materialism, getting rid of brutality. Will not the Eastern Church remain unshaken, surer of itself, with all its heritage of early Christian tradition?"

skaya Street became Londonskaya, St. Petersburg became Petrograd, Schlüsselburg became Oreshof, Kronstadt something else; in many schools the German language was given up and English taken instead; the Hotel Vienna, three doors from me, became the Hotel of Holy Victory. But not only that. A little German devil of harshness and iron-heeledness jumped out and disappeared, and the Grand Duke Commander in Chief proclaimed reconciliation to the Poles, and everyone became kinder to one another. People in Russia are naturally kind; they have become even gentler since the war began.

"The German title Graf is related to the Russian verb grabit—to grab, to steal," says Rozanov of the "Novoe Vremya." "The Germans have always been a predatory race as far as the Slavs are concerned. They are the very opposite of the Russians. In the whole of Russian literature there is not one page in which mockery is made of poverty, of suffering, of a girl who has been betrayed or of a child that is illegitimate. Russian literature is one long hymn to the injured and insulted." (V. V. Rozanov, "The Russian Idea.")

The whole of Russian popular feeling is of tender-

Barbara's Marriages

(Continued from page 19)

to dawdle much for you, Barbara, but I might have known you could keep up with me."

If there was a hint of patronage in his tone, Barbara did not perceive it. "You are dawdling for me now," she accused him.

"Not very much. You do astonishingly well, considering that you've never climbed before. But Southern girls are always surprising me with their endurance and resourcefulness. Don't you agree with me, Barbara?"

SHE wondered whether he were repeating her name so often because he liked the sensation of using it without the "Miss." She smiled at him in reply and suggested that they wait for the others. "I reckon we'd better," he said; "they'll be talking soon enough."

She laughed lightly, but the words made her heart beat a little more quickly. Hare's eyes had an increased interest; again and again he praised her for her skill in climbing, yet she could but think that more lay behind his words than mere admiration for her prowess. Whenever he helped her over a bowlder or through an unusually difficult patch of juniper bushes, his hand took hers eagerly, left it lingeringly.

That night at supper Hare's spirits were high, and Barbara, too, talked more than usual. Their animation inspired the party to linger long about the log fire. After she had gone to her tent, Barbara wrote to a mail-order house, ordering a white lace waist. When she had her letter ready she picked her way over the rocky path leading to the yard. The log fire had died down, and lights were showing in the windows of the little shacks, and through the walls of the other tents. As she was crossing the yard she met Hare. His voice came to her softly through the darkness:

"That you, Barbara? Can I do anything for you?"

"I'm only carrying a letter to the office."

"Give it to me," he said; "let me take you back to your tent." He accompanied her as far as the path.

"I can make the rest of the way, Leonard," she said. "Thank you, and good night."

"Good night, Barbara. I can't tell you how glad I am to be here. Won't you shake hands for good night?"

She gave him her hand and he held it warmly.

"We'll have a good summer. Good night."

"Good night."

When Barbara returned to her tent, she unlocked her trunk and took from the bottom of it a leathern jewel case which had belonged to Rhodes's mother. She opened it and looked at the many jewels. She knew their great value, but she preferred carrying them with her to putting them in a bank. She fingered the great diamond that was set in her engagement ring; she tried on the string of pearls that had been the first necklace Rhodes had given her—given, she knew, because he thought they suited so well her girlish innocence. There were other necklaces—a string of gold and diamonds, a giant silver coil set with a dozen fine emeralds, another of aqua marines and pearls, and a strange, heavy gold circlet, set with rubies.

She tried on this last and held the lamp high, looking at herself. She seemed almost transformed.

"I look as if I could live!" she whispered to herself.

Then abruptly she took off the necklace and put it back with the others. She fingered the rings and bracelets, but she did not put any of them on.

"No, no, I can't wear any of poor Mr. Rhodes's jewelry here," she said.

She did not ask herself why; she did not wish to probe for the reason. She locked up the jewelry, put out the lamp, and went to bed. All her senses were heightened. She could hear the river clearly; her ear even caught its heavy fall over the high rocks, its shivered tinkle among the little stones. She caught the sound of voices at the sulphur spring, gentle, confidential voices, and wondered whose they were. The house dog barked once shrilly and was greeted by a stern, masculine voice. A little wind rose in the pine tree over her tent, and as she listened to its wistful cadence, her high spirits died, and she became wistful, too. She thought of her dear Gilbert, and of Rhodes, two who had loved her so well, lying now help-

less dust in their graves. And she knew the wonder that comes to everyone—a fierce wonder that love and power and joy and sin, once so alive in a man or a woman, can suddenly be stricken into nothingness. She thought of Anita, kept alive by hate, that was, after all, only a hard, perverted love. She felt softly sorry for Anita, not stonily sorry as she had been heretofore. There was no one sad or sinful in the world for whom, at the moment, Barbara did not have pity and toleration.

She slept and had a strange dream. It seemed to her that once more she was riding with Stephen Thornton, but this time not over the long red road that led beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. Their route lay over the granite coach road. Behind them was Lake Tahoe, and from its shores she had carried a burden which seemed increasingly heavy.

"What have you got in your arms and your lap, Barbara?" she thought Thornton asked her.

"Stars," she said. "I picked them up on the shores of the lake, and I have been gathering them ever since, and they are very heavy."

"Look at them, Barbara," he said. "They are not stars; they are pebbles."

She thought she looked at them, and wept. "You told me that I deserved to gather stars, Stephen," she said. "I thought these were stars, but they are only stones that have bruised my fingers."

"Let them fall," he said.

"But I want them; if I cannot have the stars, I must have something."

"Let them go," he said.

She emptied her arms and then she was alone once more on the red road, traveling to Grassmere, and to Anita, who laughed and told her that a murderess had no right to wear Rhodes's jewels.

Barbara awoke shivering. The night was still; the river whispered softly, and through the open flap of the tent she could see the great midnight stars in the velvet sky.

"Who knows," she whispered—"who knows but that I shall yet reach them—the stars!"

BARBARA wondered how those she lived among could take so placidly the golden days that meant so much to her. Some of them seemed scarcely to know that the sun was shining and that the winds sat with folded wings until it had set. They never plunged into the deep green pools of the river, nor fished for trout where the stream was wide. They seemed to be there to let nature come forward and give them salutary treatment, but they did not wake to each morning with joyous heart.

For three or four days Barbara and Hare were alone only for brief moments when they forged ahead of their companions in the climbing, or when they met by chance at the medicinal springs in the yard. Barbara liked to stand by Hare at the foot of a tall boulder, waiting for the others to come up, enjoying a thrill of superiority that she and he were such good climbers, and a sense of peculiar intimacy in standing with him there in the open. She knew that they were on the threshold of a new vista; these short snatches of talk were only the beginning.

One day they had led a party over a stiff trail up the highest mountain peak in the neighborhood of Hilton's Camp. By luncheon time they had come within five hundred feet of the top. After food the others weakened, and Hare and Barbara were the only two who were eager to finish. They set off together, Barbara a little wearied, Hare as fresh as if he had made no exertion whatever. He was soon as far in advance of her as she and he ordinarily were of the other climbers. The going was steep, but not too difficult for Barbara to manage without help, and Hare offered her none.

She toiled after him, breathless, a little wistful. He seemed to have forgotten her in his eagerness to get to the top. She would have been glad of his hand once or twice when she was climbing over heavy earthen slopes, where each footfall sank deeply. Yet she told herself that in the mountains men and women are equal companions, and a woman must not be a parasite. She looked back once or twice, and saw, well below, their companions, still sitting about the camp fire they had built to boil the coffee and fry the bacon. Presently the twisting trail hid them from sight, and Barbara toiled on, breathless, blinded by the sun, envying



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TOMATO
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Beef
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Clam Bouillon
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Consommé
Julienne

Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
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Vegetable

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



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Boys enthuse about Puffed Grains. There's many a food which they enjoy, but these they revel in.

Each grain is like a toasted nut, made thin and crisp and porous. Each is a bubble, blown to airy lightness by millions of steam explosions.

Each is a confection, yet it is all food and made—by Prof. Anderson's process—so it all digests.

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The chief delight in many a cereal lies in the cream and sugar. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are goodies when one eats them dry. Countless children carry them at play.

Served in milk—like bread or crackers—they are fascinating morsels. They are used in candy making and as garnish for ice cream.

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Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15c

These grains served in puffed form insure easy, complete digestion. Every food granule is blasted to pieces. Other methods break part of the granules. This method breaks them all.

In Puffed Wheat and Rice you get not only the whole grain. You get every element in form to digest. When you know what this means, as your doctor does, you will serve these grains in puffed form every time you can.

Try them all. Serve a different one each day.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(731)

Hare the joy he was getting from his efforts. To her the climb had become a hard task. She compared it to her life with Anita.

A few feet below the top of the peak was a slanting stone plateau. Hare reached this, waved his hat to Barbara and to the little black specks about the camp fire below. Then he plunged back over the trail to help her.

"No," she gasped. "No, I'll do it alone!"

"You can't do it without me. You need me, Barbara," he said, laughingly.

He put his arm in hers and supported her till she had climbed the last few feet to the stone plateau. She sat down wearily, and he fanned her with his hat.

"You're the very gamest girl!" he cried. "I should think those slugs down by the fire would be ashamed of their laziness when they see what your little feet have done."

Barbara's feet were little and pretty, even in climbing boots. He leaned over and patted her instep.

"Brave little feet!" he said. "They could march anywhere in the world and be light and lissom at the end."

"I'm not so sure," Barbara said.

"Wait! they've not done much marching in the world yet. The next thing they're going to do is get to the very tiptop of this peak."

"They're not then," Barbara said.

"But it's only ten feet more, and I'll help you."

"Leonard, I don't quite like to go to the end of things," she said, half seriously. "You go for me."

"Coward?" he laughed.

"Or cautious, as you please," she said. "But I can't follow you there."

HE leaped to his feet, and she watched him take the last stretch of the climb. His fine figure showed agile and vigorous as he went up, and she had a queer pride in his beauty and strength, as if she had somehow had something to do with them, and as if he were making the effort for her. Her own veins strengthened as she watched him, and she wished, impersonally, that she could give Anita that vicarious vigor. Then she saw how impossible it would be to convey in words to Anita, or to anyone, her vivid impression of the abounding life of Hare's body, his magnetism, the splendid luster of his eyes.

"Hear me, Barbara!" he called, in the dialect to which he had been born. He looked down upon her triumphantly.

"I can use any speech I choose to you now," he seemed to say. "My own personality has conquered all my handicaps. I'm at the top, Barbara, the equal of anyone I have ever known."

"Come down," she said; "you mustn't crow too long. You can't hope to have a spectator gaze forever at one achievement, particularly when it's that of some one else. Go on to some other triumph."

"Not till I've found a souvenir for you," he said. "Here's the first knot of bluebells, just the color of your eyes, Barbara." He picked the flowers, scrambled down to her, and pinned them upon her blouse.

"You're thinking," he said, "that I am talking a heap about your eyes these days. You see, I never really saw them before."

"We haven't time for you to look at them now," Barbara said in a practical tone. "We must get back to the others."

When they reached the camp fire they found their companions anxious to start. They set off at a good rate, but by degrees Barbara dropped to the rear. One or two offered to match their progress with hers, but she begged them to go on. The last half mile of the journey lay along a green road, running almost level through a thick stretch of woods. After the others were well out of sight, Barbara slackened her pace and let her weariness show in her drooping body. She was halfway through the woods when there came a crackling in the underbrush beside her, and Hare appeared, leaping over a fallen tree, evidently with unimpaired energy.

"I left them all at the sulphur spring, took a detour and came back," he said. "I thought of you every minute, Barbara, and felt your weariness in my own bones."

"Then why didn't you return before?" Barbara asked, smiling.

Hare looked almost startled.

"Did you want me?" he asked.

"Dear me, no! I didn't dream of your coming back! I knew you wouldn't."

"There's something in me," he said slowly, "that drives me on to do the thing I promised myself to do, at the rate at which I started. Your father used

to say that. If the tutor gave us fifty lines of Caesar to translate for the next day's lesson, I couldn't do forty. I can increase my pace, but I can't diminish it."

"That's why you've got on in your career, I suppose," she said.

"But you see I've come back now," he said. "I'll saunter at your pace."

HE took her hand in his and swung it lightly. They walked so the rest of the way home, not talking, Hare singing half humorously an old lullaby. She yielded her hand to his with a sense of ease and reliance. He was a little glad that she had not stood this climb so well as usual, that she needed his indulgence, and she knew and did not resent his attitude. When they reached her tent, Hare looked around quickly, and, seeing that they were unobserved, he kissed the hand he had been holding.

"Good little hand," he said. "It feels better than it did before I took care of it, doesn't it?"

"We're silly geese," Barbara said. "Think how old we are!"

"We need to be geese worse than if we were eighteen and twenty-three," he returned. "And, by the way, it's my birthday."

"Why didn't you let me know before?" Barbara said. "Annie Bestor and I would have made you a cake."

"I had my gift," he said, significantly; "now I'm off to dress for supper."

When Barbara left her tent the mail was being distributed, and Annie Bestor and Hare were standing side by side looking over their letters. Annie Bestor said: "I see Helen Farley's handwriting on that letter, Dr. Hare. Forgive me, I couldn't help glancing down. Mind you, tell me how she is. The witch hasn't written me since I've been here."

Hare nodded, receiving also a package in the same handwriting as the letter. He went at once to his shack to open them. Annie Bestor smiled after him.

"Running off like a squirrel with nuts," she remarked to Barbara. "I was in another mountain resort once with Dr. Hare when Helen Farley wasn't there, and he behaved in exactly the same fashion over her letters. But Helen's a still sort of person, and I suppose he doesn't want to read her letter at the noisy supper table."

Barbara felt vaguely disquieted. Then she bit her lip impatiently.

"What in the world have I got to do with little Leonard Hare's mail?" she said, her chin held high.

Her own mail contained the usual weekly perfunctory report from the sanitarium, touching Anita's state of health, and a letter from Thornton, the first he had written her. She read this after supper and took a certain pleasure in the fact that she had not quite finished it when Hare came to the table.

"Dear Barbara," it ran, "need I say how much you are missed? I went with my uncle's wife to call on her kin in Grassmere, and I could hardly treat them decently because they weren't you. But though they are a noisy, full-limbed bunch, they weren't able to crowd you out of the place. It has always seemed to me to belong to no one but you."

"I am working like a nailer, for I've got some important cases on which I am fighting some people connected with the Richmond lot with whom I was supposed to side, but whom I've ended by fighting. I wish I didn't see things so hard just one way, for then I'd be able to support Lucia in the soft fashion she's been used to. But she doesn't seem to mind the prospect of bacon and greens."

"Cousin Sophia seems to me to be failing right much. Sometimes her hands are too tired even to hold William's photograph. She misses Mary, too. Mary and young Shields have a little house on Park Street and seem mighty happy since his mother has forgiven them. They come out often to visit cousin Sophia, but I think Mary's desertion somehow reminds cousin Sophia of William's. She likes to have me look after her, and once or twice she has called me 'William.'"

"Tell me about your mountains, and don't forget all those in Albemarle County who are thinking of you."

"Affectionately yours,
"STEPHEN THORNTON."

How good Stephen Thornton was! she thought; how he had changed since that time ten years ago when his concentration was so intense, when he was so determined to shape a bold career that he left his friends in the byways, and could see nothing but the race track along which he ran! But in ten years

his mind and heart had opened to many things. She wished she could realize exactly what Leonard Hare had been like ten years before.

After supper Barbara, Hare, and Annie Bestor took their usual seats on the stone heap in the yard. But when the time came for lighting the log Hare excused himself and went to his shack.

"He's gone to write to Helen and to tell her not to come here," Annie Bestor remarked. "My dear, you've no idea what a comfort it is to me to be able to say whatever pops into my head in the summer time. One can't ordinarily, when one is head of a girls' school. I had a letter after all in this mail from Helen, and I can see that she wants us to tell her to come."

"Why shouldn't she come?" Barbara asked in an indifferent voice, watching the flames beginning to crackle under the log.

"Her heart's not very good."

Barbara had always been interested in Helen Farley, but never quite so keenly. "I should think it would be a bit inconvenient to transport her family here, husband, babies, and all," she said, tentatively.

"Bless you, she wants to be told to come alone. She gets rather fed up with her husband and children twelve months out of the year."

CHATTER and laughter were going on about them, and Barbara could hear some one remarking that Dr. Hare was probably tired out with his great climb and had gone to bed early.

"Is her husband very charming?" Barbara asked. "I know Leonard Hare likes him."

"A very good sort of man," Annie Bestor said dryly. "He came of a much better family out here than Helen did; he's inherited position, money and the ability to make more money, and he and Helen haven't got an idea in common."

"Ah!" breathed Barbara.

"Now, I'm not saying she married him for money," Annie Bestor said. "People can so easily deceive themselves when they are young; I see it all the time among my schoolgirls. Wealth certainly does give a rosy glow to a suitor's personality, however."

"They've got the children in common," Barbara remarked, remembering curly-haired Bobby, and wishing she could hear him say: "Do you love me as well as you did yesterday?"

"Yes; they're lovely little people. Helen's got two or three bachelor friends—she likes men better than she does women. She fills her life, but she always gives me a sense of wanting something."

"Who doesn't?" Barbara said.

"Yes, but—oh, well, I suppose that it's this dangerous age that we hear so much of coming over Helen; she's forty. I've seen it in spinsters; a woman has made up her mind that marriage is not for her, and she goes along steadily for years with it safely put outside her life. Then suddenly she finds herself, for no reason in the world, longing for love as ardently as if she were twenty."

"I can believe that," Barbara said slowly. "If one has never had love, it's natural to want it. But it's safe to assume that the average married woman has had it."

"Everything's relative," Annie Bestor said, with a philosophical air—"what a woman's got, she doesn't count; or, rather, she values it, but she regards it as her natural born right, her own. The kind of married woman I've been talking of goes on happily for years with her husband and children, and then suddenly she gets restless. Maybe her husband is going through the same thing at the same time. They go abroad; or fill their lives with other things till they tide over the dangerous time. They're lucky if some domestic anxiety comes up that can draw them closer together—such as the serious illness of one of their children."

"What a lot of life you must have seen!" cried Barbara, in a startled tone. "You make me feel that I'm only a little country girl, and also you make me feel that nobody's safe."

"Nobody is, but who'd want to be?" asked Annie Bestor cheerily. "Anybody that makes a dead set for safety is never going to be moved by adventure."

"Wouldn't it be fun," said Barbara idly, "if, night after night, we could get all the people sitting around this fire to tell us the story of their lives—absolutely truthfully, I mean; all the important things that had happened to them, and the amazing secret thoughts they have had."

"Mercy! Don't wish it on us!" cried Annie Bestor. "If I dared know all that was in people's minds, I'd never have the courage to keep a girls' school!"

Barbara was very tired and she waited with infinite weariness for the group about the fire to break up. She listened to their talk, joined in it occasionally, and caught herself unconsciously watching the light in the window of Hare's shack. Annie Bestor was the first to rise.

"I must go," she said. "I shall write to blue-eyed Helen myself before I sleep." In her tent, Barbara wondered if Helen Farley's eyes were any bluer than her own, feeling a premonition that some day she would be able to make the comparison. When she went to bed she was still thinking of this woman she had never seen. But soon her thoughts wandered; she lived over again, with aching muscles, the weary climb of the day, and then she dropped into dreamless sleep. In the morning she was awakened by Annie Bestor, who stood over her, with an admiring look in her keen eyes.

"How sweet you are asleep—like a baby; your skin is lovely, and you make even the head of a girls' school want to kiss you."

Barbara stared at her sleepily. Somehow she thought of the day, nearly ten years before, when Anita, letting in a shaft of golden light, awakened her to her wedding morning.

"I called and called you," Annie Bestor said; "but you were sleeping like a log. Everybody's at breakfast, and they want you not to keep them waiting after they're ready to take the trail."

"I'm not going to climb to-day," yawned Barbara. "I'm too tired. Will you please ask them not to wait?"

When she reached the dining room the party had already started. Only the children and a few of the more languid women were staying home. Barbara and Annie Bestor swung in hammocks, talking or mending or reading. The older woman had a growing curiosity about Barbara. She knew her external history, but she thought that under the surface there must have been unusual circumstances in her life, else why should she take such naive zest in this ordinary summer in the Sierras? A child came running up to show Barbara a treasure, and Annie Bestor said abruptly: "Do you know that you have distinctly domestic qualities?"

"All Southern women have," Barbara said lazily. "Even when they've got no homes and have been teaching for years, you give any one of them a bunch of keys and set her in a house, and you'd think she'd been making a home in it forever."

"You do carry a home atmosphere, somehow, even when you're happy-go-lucky housekeepers. But I was thinking of more than that. I hope you'll marry again, Mrs. Rhodes."

"I can't," Barbara said crisply; "I promised my sister-in-law that I'd stay with her till she died."

Annie Bestor opened her lips to deliver a pointed monologue on the uselessness of such a sacrifice. But a tense expression in Barbara's face restrained her. "Then you're a foolish woman," she said briefly. "But I was rather selfishly hoping you'd say: 'No, I shan't marry.' Then I should have said: 'Please come and teach in my school.'"

"I wonder how I'd like California for a perpetual home?" mused Barbara.

"Would there be a possible chance of your coming?" said Annie Bestor. "Do you think your sister-in-law would be willing to try it, even for a couple of years, for the sake of her health? I really want you. I'd be glad to drop my present history teacher, who is an unreliable person, always looking for a man. Abstractly, I think every woman ought to marry, but concretely it annoys me very much when my teachers put marriage before their work."

"I'm really much complimented that you are serious in wanting me," Barbara said. "But Anita will never leave Grassmere. I dread every day to get a letter from her summoning me back and saying she's going to turn her renters out. I reckon I'll go back to my tent now, Miss Bestor."

BARBARA wanted to be alone. Annie Bestor's remark about her marrying had brought back the surging unrest of the spring. Then she had been in revolt against the iron monotony of her days, longing for the lover of her dreams, sick at the thought of her long future, forever in prison to Anita. In the mountains she had been content to



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live one day at a time, with some dim belief that the future would be as golden as the present. But Annie Bestor had faced her with the fact that she was no more free than she had been a month before. She asked herself what safety or assurance the present was giving her. Soon this would be a dream, too, on which she would be looking back with useless regret.

After luncheon she returned to her tent, and she did not emerge from it when the climbers returned. Later, she heard a "poor bobwhite" call outside her tent. For a moment she thought it was the strain of a real bird. Then she remembered that bobwhites did not live so far north, that the sound was more shrill, less sweet than a bobwhite's note, and that Leonard Hare had often delighted her brothers and herself with his skill in mimicking that particular bird. "Coming!" she called.

She went out, and saw Hare waiting for her at the bottom of the rocky path.

"How could you fail me to-day?" he said reproachfully. "I sat up last night writing a long and important letter that had to go off as soon as possible, just so that I could have this day with you. You've robbed me of a treasure, Barbara." Her heart grew light; she forgot the long brooding of the afternoon. "Did you really miss me?" she asked.

"Miss you? My day was spoiled; that's all." He took her two hands and held them warmly for a moment.

"The coach is driving in. It's time for supper. Come along," Barbara said. "I really was too tired to go, Leonard, but I won't fail you to-morrow."

"You move like a wave of the sea," Hare said, as she preceded him. "You've that gently swimming motion—there aren't words to describe it."

"Your compliments are spoiling me," Barbara said, happily.

The night was a little cool, and the company about the log fire was smaller than usual. When one and another began to withdraw, Hare whispered to Barbara: "I haven't seen you all day. Come for a bit of a walk with me. The stars are as bright as the moon. It's not too dark."

"Nobody else goes walking at night."

"They're a sober, tired lot, that's why. Besides, they'll never know you've gone."

'Twixt Capricorn and Cancer

(Continued from page 8)

In the Abregas the climate changes rapidly with changing height. At sea level you are cooking like stewed tomatoes, all in your own warm juice; at a thousand feet you are cool, and when you are near three thousand, and the breath of the fourteen-thousand-foot ranges of the Huxley-Lyall comes suddenly down to meet you, you look for a warm coat and put it on. The three-thousand-foot point had been passed near the place where the red begonias grew; now the long, gray-bearded moss began to hang from drooping boughs, and trees with thin, pinelike foliage stood here and there among the heavy, tropical leafage. It was full four thousand, and already thin, cool airs began to creep through the lightening forest.

Of a sudden the horses came out with a scramble on to a sloping ridge, and it was another world. There were fir trees here; the wind blew chill and free, and light blue shadows danced over the open grass, beneath a sky as pure as crystal. You could see that some one lived up here in this sunny, windy place, for some of the trees had been set with more or less regularity into a winding avenue, and there was a barbed-wire fence on one side of the track.

Anne cried out with delight. "Oh, the lovely avenue!" she cried, leaning back in her saddle as the pine-scented wind struck in her face. Lyndon followed her, but he was not smiling now; he was glancing at the track as they went along, and something in its appearance seemed to disquiet him.

A FEW minutes' canter brought them within sight of tin roofs and slab-built outhouses. Lyndon pulled up alongside the girl and tried to say something. She slacked into a walk.

"How delightful!" she said. "I'm so glad we came. Is that where they live?"

"Yes—no," said the young planter, looking rather troubled. "Anne, I'm awfully sorry—but I've been away the best part of two years, and I hadn't an idea—I'll swear I hadn't—"

"An idea of what?" said the girl. Yet in the moment of speaking, her question answered itself, for she, too, saw of a sudden the things that Lyndon had been seeing all along—overgrown weedy ave-

Go to your tent and take the path straight behind it. I'll meet you."

"I don't mind," Barbara murmured. He was waiting for her at the top of the little path, and he caught his arm in hers and felt the thickness of her wrap to see that she was warm enough. Then they went together up the trail. The pebbles slipped from beneath their feet, and Barbara looked guiltily behind her. "Nonsense! Nobody'll hear us," Hare said. "You'll not be so frightened when we've done this a few times."

His manner was more masterful than usual, Barbara thought. She leaned on his arm, as they went along slowly, close together. He talked in a nonchalant fashion of the events of the day; warming to a half jocular reproach now and then, as he pictured to her how differently the hours would have gone had she been present. Barbara felt a trepidation, half fearful, half delightful, as if she were reaching out her hands for something she had no right to take. She did not talk very much, and she listened to Hare's tone, rather than to his words.

When they had climbed perhaps fifty feet, they sat on a table rock, looking down on the lights gleaming in the shacks and tents. Hare's hand rested on hers, and he, too, was silent. She was aware of his nearness—aware, too, that things between them had subtly changed. She would have been willing to sit there a long time, but a certain uneasiness grew upon her.

"We must go back," she said.

They made the descent quickly, Barbara moralizing on the fact that descents were always easier than climbs and never so pleasant. Just as she reached the path leading to the tent, her foot stumbled. Hare caught her and steadied her. He walked a pace by her side. Then he drew her to him.

"Barbara, Barbara!" he cried sharply.

He kissed her again and again, holding her so close that she could feel the leaping of his heart. Her lips were at first passive; then she kissed him, her arms going out to him. Suddenly, almost roughly, he left her; at one moment she felt his face against hers; the next she heard his retreating footsteps. She went into her tent with glad, shining eyes. [To be continued next week]



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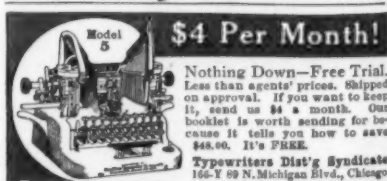
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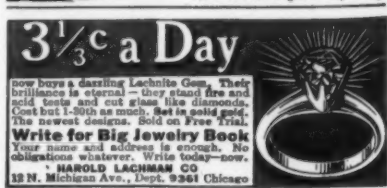
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"Oh, the sheets were to tie up small things in."

"Why, look here! They didn't even clear away the last meal they had before going away—stand away, Anne, I'm going to throw it out of the window."

"Well, of all the insanities!" Anne sat down on a broken-backed chair and looked about her. In the momentary silence the wind shouted fiercely outside; the boughs of the fir trees thrashed on the roof of the house.

"It's nothing very uncommon," explained Lyndon, seated half astride on a heavy table that was evidently of home manufacture. "When a plantation fails, it fails, and people don't care much what becomes of the odds and ends they leave behind them. This mountain is supposed by the natives to be devil-haunted, which I suppose accounts for the fact that they haven't looted the house. And no white man was likely to do this climb for the sake of the bits of rubbish, the things the Whiteleys left—even if they knew about them. As likely as not, there hasn't been a soul up here since they left, and won't be one for years. Whiteley was rather a lunatic to plant in such a place, anyhow; the carriage up and down was bound to cut his profits. Let's see if the trees are all gone to ruin."

They went out once more into the tearing wind and the sun, following another pathway this time, which led them away from the summit down into a sheltered valley. There was no wind here; the hurly-burly of the mountain top had ceased, and the sun lay still and golden on the unmoving leaves of a forest of graceful, close-set shrubs. . . . And the miracle of the blossoming had fallen on the valley, and before the man and the maid the coffee stood all white and sweet in its wedding flowers like a bride. . . .

At the entrance to the valley they stood without a word. Anne felt that she had known it would be so. She could not move. But Lyndon, in a moment, stepped into the straggling bushes and plucked a long white spray, snowy and sweet as orange blossom. He came back to her with a light in his eyes that was like the light of the flowers and laid the bridal spray upon her hair.

"Fasten it in," he said, and she fastened it. It seemed impossible to her that she should not do what he told her. It seemed as if the Other Anne had suddenly fled away at the sight of that miracle of flowers and only Anne herself was left. Lyndon knew his moment. "Wait," he said, and went back to the house. He returned with Anne's hat, the packet of sandwiches, a tin of water, and—the horses.

"What are the horses for?" asked Anne. She felt she was speaking in a dream. . . . it must be the scent of the flowers. Someone in the dream answered: "Take your lunch first and I'll tell you after."

Anne in the dream ate her lunch. The scent of the flowers was wonderfully sweet; you did not know what you were eating while you smelled it. It seemed to hypnotize you. You saw, without seeing that *He* was not hungry; *He* ate little. You let *Him* place your hat on your head over the wedding spray, and lift you to the saddle, and mount *Himself*, and then the wind was moving in your face, and the horses were going down the valley. And you said suddenly: "Oh, the sandwich tin!" and *He* answered: "All right, we'll get it going back." . . .

It took them an hour and three-quarters to reach the brown-thatched house that one had seen from the top, nearer than the tin-roofed mission. The horses went at a good pace, considering the climb they had already done, and Anne and Lyndon were very silent. Just as they were coming up to the house she asked him who lived there, although somehow she knew already, and he said that it was the magistrate of the division, a great friend of his. Anne began to hesitate.

"I—I don't know," she stammered. "You do know, Annette," said the Golden Lad. "You know everything about it. You're going to marry the man you love and let the man you don't go and drown."

"If I am," said Anne, straightening herself in the saddle, "I won't do it unless—you promise—"

"What?" "Unless you swear you won't tell anyone till I give you leave. I—I must tell father in my own way—and Lord Wykeham— Oh, how can I do such a thing?"

Lyndon took no notice at all, but whis-

ted on his fingers. A thin young man in a white suit came on to the veranda.

"Hallo, Bob!" he yelled, joyously. "Back to the Abregas at last! Welcome, old boy! Come in and ki-ki with me."

"Thanks, we've lunched," replied Lyndon, swinging off his horse. "Hand on my shoulder, Anne— Right. This is a runaway marriage, Matthews, and you've got to fix it up."

"The deuce I have!" exclaimed Matthews, with a look of comical dismay. "Introduce me to the bride, won't you?"

He whistled when he heard her name. "Why, that's the lady who—who—whose portrait I saw in the paper," he concluded lamely. "Well, it's your pidgin, not mine. Come in and have a drink." They had a drink—gingerale for Anne, and whisky-and-soda for Lyndon—in the cool, brown, cave interior of the house. Then Anne went into the magistrate's bedroom to take off her hat and preen herself at the glass, and Lyndon told his friend the state of the case. She simply hates that old bouncer of an Admiral, earl or no earl," he explained, innocently lying, for indeed Anne rather liked her fiancé than otherwise. "But she hadn't the pluck to throw him over till now. And if she gets back to her people again just as things are, they'll worry into marrying him, sure as a gun, and she will be miserable—"

"Having known me to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a
narrower heart than mine,"

quoted Matthews. "Something like it," assented the Golden Lad, coolly. "I don't consider myself unworthy of her, like a fellow in a play. I think I'm jolly well good enough. If I didn't, I wouldn't marry her."

"I say, though," said the young magistrate, drinking his whisky-and-soda reflectively, "won't her father be out after you with a shotgun?"

"Well, as it happened, she sent him a line to say she meant to stay at the mission till the steamer sails at the end of the week," explained the bridegroom. "We're going to jump the Whiteleys' claim instead; that's all."

"That's all," repeated the magistrate, thoughtfully. "Well, as I've said, it isn't my pidgin, and I wish you luck. I must go and scare up a couple of witnesses; they'll have to be native, for there isn't another white for ten miles."

He went out of the dining room, and Anne, a moment after, came in. She had smoothed her dress and hair and fastened the spray of coffee blossom across the great plait that crowned her forehead. She was almost as white as the flowers, but she did not hesitate or falter now. Lyndon noticed that she was carrying something in one hand, and saw with a shock of astonishment that it was a crucifix. He remembered that Matthews was a Catholic—Anne must have got it in the bedroom. But he and she were Protestants—what on earth— Anne came up to him and put the cross in his hands.

"Do you believe in this?" she said. "Certainly," said Lyndon, with some gravity. "Do you?" Anne flushed a little.

"Oh, of course," she said. "But it has nothing to do with me. You are to hold this in your hands, and to swear that you will not tell—until I give you leave. I—I can't have it just blurted out—I must do it my own way. Take it and say you promise." Lyndon took the cross and said briefly and constrainedly: "I promise not to tell until you give me leave." He set the emblem of Christian faith down upon the table and looked at his bride with eyes that had grown colder.

"You might have trusted me, Anne," he said.

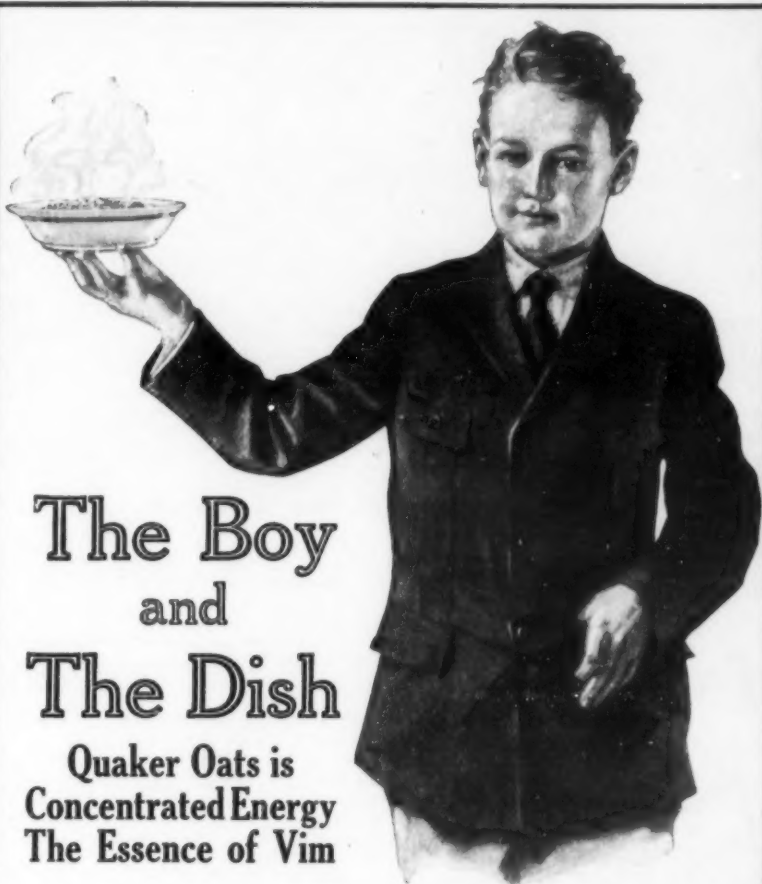
"Will anyone see his—his books—registers—whatever it is?" went on Anne. "He doesn't keep any," was Lyndon's brief answer. Nothing more was spoken until the young magistrate bustled in again with a couple of natives at his heels. They were an ugly-looking pair of savages, and both of them wore leg irons that clinked as they moved.

"So sorry, old man," he panted. "All the police but two, who are off their heads with fever, have gone to the yam gardens. They'll not be back for an hour or two. But these will do as well. Murderers, my boy; caught 'em myself, and taking them down to port in a day or two. They'll hang sure. It was they who killed the missionary down the coast. I'll get promotion over the job."

Anne looked with horror at the naked, black, mop-headed prisoners as they shuffled into place. They stared back at her with a savage curiosity, chewing something in their cheeks with heavy

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movements of the lips and jaw. The ceremony began, all through the prisoners stared, and chewed, and spit. It was clear that they had not the slightest idea what it might be all about. But when the two were married, and Lyndon's gold "nugget" ring was on Anne's third finger, Matthews the magistrate wrote out a certificate, and made the natives put their mark to it. Then he kissed the bride (rather to Anne's annoyance) and slapped Lyndon on the back. "Luck, my boy! Have another drink?" he said.

"No, thanks," said Lyndon. "Can I give these beggars anything?"

"A stick of tobacco," suggested Matthews, producing it out of the table drawer. Lyndon distributed largesse, and suddenly the savages burst into a wild yell of laughter, and began dancing on their ironed feet, pointing at Anne.

"They've got on to it," said Matthews. "Take your certificate, Mrs. Lyndon. I won't try to keep you, for you'll barely make the plantation before dark."

Anne folded the paper, and stowed it in the breast pocket of her habit. The fierce gold sun of the Abregas was sinking low among the coco palms outside, as they went down the steps together. They rode away into the purpling shadows, and the magistrate, left alone on his veranda, put his head in both hands, and said softly to himself:

"Well, I am blessed!"

WHEN the steamer left port at the end of the week, Anne was on board, somewhat sunburned and rather more silent than usual. Her father asked her if she had enjoyed her stay at the mission, and she said without a blench that she had, and that the Graves family desired to be remembered to him. As the ship ran ever south and south, back to the colder lands, she spent more and more time in her cabin.

Her father thought she was feeling the change of climate, but the stewardess, who noticed a suspicious dampness about Anne's pillow slip on more than one morning, had her own ideas, especially when she remembered the voyage up.

"But she won't throw over the old man for the young; she's not that kind," said the woman to herself. She did not like Anne, who was not free with tips. The table steward thought she was "that kind of a young lady that was a privilege to serve, anyhow," but the stewardess pursed up her lips for answer.

They came to Brisbane, and it was chill weather, with a storm-gray sea. They went on down to Sydney and Hobart, and here the winter met them again, in cold and sleety rain. Anne, wrapped in furs that were pretty, but of a cheapness abhorrent to her soul, went ashore with her father. She had been crying half the night, and looked pale and chilled beneath the cruel southern blast that swept up the wintry streets of the Tasmanian town. She did not know what she was going to say to

the Admiral, she had no plans as to the future. Everything was dark before her. All night long between the paroxysms of her tears, she had been whispering to herself. "Why did I? Why did I?" and out on the stormy southern sea, or here upon the land wet with cold rains of July, she could find no answer.

It was getting dark as they drove in an antiquated horse cab toward their home; it was raining again, and cold; Anne's father was coughing helplessly. At the end of a violent fit, he lifted up his head, and saw his daughter stopping the cab. "What's the matter?" he choked.

"I want a paper," said Anne, curiously pale in the lamplight. They stopped, and she ran back through the rain to a small news shop ablaze with posters and gas.

"That one," she said, pointing to a content's bill. She devoured it under the gaslight of the window, careless of the rain that was beating on her hat.

"Murder in the Abregas Islands," it read. "Death of a magistrate."

Matthews was the name. She had guessed it, almost before her eyes were halfway down the paragraph. Matthews had been killed by his two prisoners as he was taking them down to the port for their trial. They had got him away from his police by a stratagem, and one of them had knocked him down, while the other smashed in his head with a stone. . . .

The murderers had been tried in the capital, condemned to death for their double crime, and hanged.

Anne climbed back into the cab with a curious look on her face. She felt with one hand upon her breast for a small, crackling paper that she carried with her always, sewn inside her stays. Then she sat down beside her father and asked how he felt.

That night there was a smell of burning paper in her room. She went out afterward and posted a small registered packet, large enough to hold a ring. It was addressed to Robert Lyndon, Abregas Islands. "Any communication of the nature of a letter in it?" asked the postmaster, adding up the postage.

"None," said Anne.

A CURIOUS thing happened in the Abregas Islands some few weeks after. The house and plantation belonging formerly to John Whiteley, sold recently at a bargain price to Robert Lyndon, took fire unaccountably and were consumed down to the last stick of wood and last berry of fruit. No one ever knew how it happened, and no one, assuredly, thought of looking for the explanation in the fact that Bob Lyndon was a poet. Lady Wykeham's parties are among the most famous in London. She has no children and devotes herself to society. As befits a modish woman, she has a full family of fads, if none of any other kind. One of her affectations is that she cannot endure the taste, and scarcely even the smell, of coffee.

Germany in War Time

(Continued from page 13)

ever seen. The procession was bewildering. There were all sorts and conditions of men in uniforms: Prussian generals, in gold and gray and blue; a haggard military doctor just come from the hospitals and still smelling of ether; dirty, tired infantrymen back from the battle line in East Prussia, limping along in the gutter; a mountaineer in Alpine green uniform, with a green feather in his flat cap; aristocratic hussars in uniforms of a blazing red, marching along erect as automatic dolls; an officer of the famous Death's-Head Hussars, a white skull grinning down from his black shako, and the cords across his breast shaking as he walked; companies of middle-aged Landsturm marching down the street; a crack regiment of the guard doing the goose step at the corner of Unter den Linden, and smacking the pavement until the street echoed like a forest under volley fire; a squad of Red Cross workers, marching in civil dress, each wearing his little white and red arm band, and each carrying a tiny satchel; cavalry on coal-black horses riding by like centaurs; a new regiment off for the war with band blaring and colors snapping in the wind; an adjutant in a gray military automobile with a horn that boomed like a cannon; convalescent soldiers, by ones, twos, half dozens, walking the streets to get the air, limping painfully or guarding a bandaged arm or shoulder or head from the jostling of the crowd. Then, like a parody of all these, twenty small boys in uniforms, with spiked caps, wooden

swords, and an ingenious wooden cannon mounted on a gun carriage which would lower and raise and pivot about like a real field gun, marching down the Friedrichsstrasse with patriotic flags and a drum.

Two soldiers talking together on the street would immediately attract a group of respectful listeners. One soldier walking along in the gutter, where the sidewalks were crowded, would be the cynosure of all eyes. Street cleaners and bus drivers made way for the soldier, pedestrians nudged each other to give him room, in the restaurants he was immediately given the best place. These attentions all seemed to be unconscious; certainly they were ungrudging. They were given as if the soldier were obviously a superior order of being.

This public worship of the army is a wonderful thing to see, and the army which is worshipped is a wonderful instrument. In Germany to-day the army is the people; it is the race, the mob, the manhood of the nation, the whole anonymous swarm of human beings which make up a people; nameless, numberless, impersonal; disguised in gray-green uniforms which blot out the men inside with all their little ambitions and hates and cowardices and loves, and which leave only an overflowing reservoir of gray-green energy to spread like fire across the world.

It has spread into the air and the sea as well. I was walking down Dorotheenstrasse one morning when I saw the street crowds gathering on the curbs,

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all looking upward. There was a soft purring sound in the air like a new theme introducing itself into the staccato music of traffic; but the sea-blue sky was empty.

Then I saw—it—the German army of the air—a tremendous amber-colored nose pushing its way across the heavens, thousands of feet above our narrow cañon of street. The nose became a face—eyeless, mouthless, expressionless, but still a face; the face became a head, and the head a great golden body, like the wood cuts of Leviathan in old family Bibles. Then the Zeppelin sailed into full view. A Bavarian soldier standing beside me turned his head away and caught my eye. His face was radiant with happiness. He grabbed me impulsively by the shoulder. "God," he said, and I know the oath was a prayer, "it's beautiful! it's beautiful! And you can bet your life it will blow hell out of anything the English have!"

War's High Priestess

ONE night I was near the Dom—the cathedral which stands opposite the Kaiser's palace—when I saw a large crowd gathered about one of the exits. At least 5,000 men and women were there thronging the marble steps, overflowing onto the sidewalks and streets, and all standing in absolute silence, waiting. Their faces were turned toward the church porch, where the big yellow eyes of a waiting automobile stared out at them from underneath a marble archway.

There was a stir in the dusk of the porch. An automobile horn, deep toned as the bass in a cathedral organ, boomed out, and the car began to move down upon us. The crowd slowly made way. Men began to bare their heads, still silent. A large woman, veiled to the eyes, sat in the tonneau, bowing stiffly to right and left as the car crawled down the drive.

"Die Kaiserin—the Empress," whispered a woman in front of me, never taking her eyes off the figure in the car. A moment later, and the crowd was dispersing as quietly as it had assembled.

There had been no display of enthusiasm, not so much as a cheer. It might have been a religious procession which had passed. And I think that for thousands of Germans the royal house has taken on a sort of semidivinity; very simple, very austere; by war made, and by war maintained.

The Kaiserin had been like a high priestess to the temple, praying for the success of the German arms.

The whole life and thought of the nation has been warped to the one end of making war. A phonograph factory turns out shrapnel shells; a farming machinery company makes gun carriages; the clothing trades turn out nothing but uniforms and other military supplies; life insurance companies loan money on policies in order that the holders may give it to the *Kriegsanleihe*; the canning factories all have been taken over by the Government; the palace where the Reichstag meets is headquarters for the Red Cross and is thronged every day with East Prussian refugees who have been driven from their homes by the advancing hordes of Cossacks; churches and schoolhouses and hotels are hospitals; railroads are highways for the armies; all books now being published are upon the war, and all tracts, newspapers, and magazines.

The shop windows are full of *Feldpostbrief* wrappers (field parcels post) in which *Liebesgaben* (love gifts) may be sent directly to the soldiers in the field. Many shops give substantial reductions on goods thus sent. There are endless varieties of *Militär* gloves, boots, pulse warmers, mufflers, *brustbeutel*, undershirts, underwear, linens, pencils, cigar lighters, knives, post cards, etc., etc.—all tempting tender hearts to buy.

But it is to the resourcefulness of the Red Cross that I take off my hat. Every hotel lobby, every restaurant, almost every shop, every railway and subway station, every old-fashioned bus has its Red Cross box. One sits down at a table in a fashionable restaurant. At one's right is a wine bottle, sealed at the top, with a slit cut in the side for Red Cross contributions. At one's left is a cylindrical tin box, duly labeled, requesting contributions for the relief of women and children left destitute by the war. While one is at luncheon, two young girls who look like Salvation Army lasses at home come in with collection boxes for still another sort of Red Cross work. At the door, as one goes out, one sees a German soldier's helmet lying on

a chair. There is a narrow slit cut in the top of the helmet, and a paper is pasted beside it asking one to give to the Red Cross. One gives, and gives, and gives.

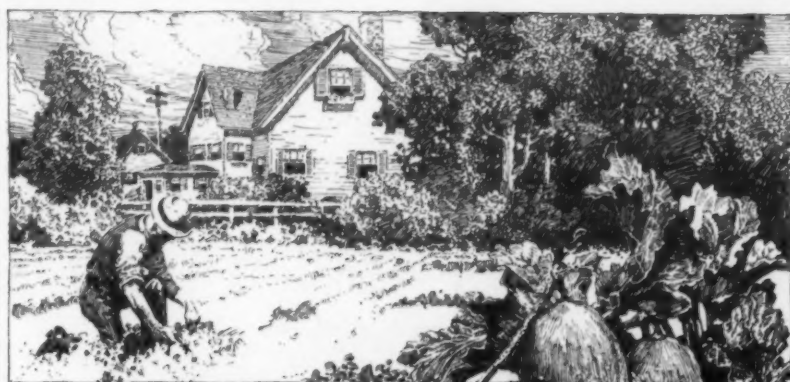
That is the spirit of war-time Germany—the spirit of complete giving, the spirit which oversubscribes huge war loans and overcrowds the ranks of the volunteers; the spirit of humble self-sacrifice which has so often upset the plans of cautious and cynical leaders of men. I confess I cannot understand it; but not even the Germans themselves understand it. They are constantly amazed at their own spirit. They never tire of talking about it: the unanimity of feeling regarding the war; the enthusiasm with which the nation leaped to arms. That Socialists should march with Junkers, Jews with anti-Semites, and Poles with Prussians—that is the miracle of miracles to the "man on the street" in Berlin. And it amazes the whole world for that matter. This last and greatest crusade shows that the age of miracles is not past.

Take the case of the Socialists. In every country at war to-day they are fighting in the ranks; and yet Socialism is the implacable foe of emperors and standing armies—of imperialism and militarism of any sort. The German *Sozialdemokratie*, as it is called, has been fighting Prussian militarism for years. Hardly an election has passed without increases in the strength of the Social-Democratic party, in spite of appallingly unjust laws directly intended to keep a large part of the laboring class disfranchised, and in spite of a Socialist code which hampered the spread of the movement by bullying its press and breaking up its public meetings. When the war broke out, the German Socialists had 112 deputies in the Reichstag; all of them, like their Socialist brethren the world over, pledged to peace. The laborer of Germany had no quarrel with the laborer of France; therefore, Socialists reasoned, he certainly would not go forth with a gun to shoot the laborer of France, merely because a scheming prince of Berlin or Vienna ordered him to go. But he went!

On August 1 Socialists were called to the colors like everybody else; and they responded without a dissenting voice. On August 4 the Reichstag Socialist bloc voted for the war budget, and went so far as to cheer at the toast, "*Seine Majestät der Kaiser, Volk und Vaterland, sie leben hoch!*"—Long live his Majesty, the Kaiser; the People, and the Fatherland." Eight days after the mobilization, the *Reichsverband zur Bekämpfung der Sozialdemokratie* (Imperial Union for Fighting the Social-Democratic party), a powerful organization, having locals in all parts of Germany, and organized by a general in the imperial army for the one purpose of annihilating the Socialists—this powerful Union disbanded, declaring that there were no more Socialists to fight; that all now are Germans and brothers; and it gave its books, its money, and its office furniture to the Red Cross. On September 3 Ludwig Frank, a Social-Democratic deputy in the Reichstag, and by some considered a sort of successor to the famous leader, Bebel, died fighting against the French in Alsace-Lorraine. Frank was forty years old; he had been a leader in a movement to organize an international Socialist organization which would make war forever impossible; and he was not a conscript soldier, but a volunteer.

That is not all. "*Vorwärts*," the daily newspaper published by the Social-Democrats, which has always been anathema to conservative Germans, and which has never been allowed on news stands in public or semipublic places, such as railway stations, subways, and hotels, has now appeared on these news stands cheek by jowl with the "*Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*"—the inspired organ of the German Government. On July 20 "*Vorwärts*" was lecturing General von Falkenhayn on the villainies of Prussian militarism; on September 2 it received from the hands of this same General von Falkenhayn permission to circulate among the soldiers. Between these two dates there had been a revolution in Germany; but not the kind of revolution which the leaders of German Socialism had expected. Something had broken loose against which recalcitrant spirit struggled in vain. It was the wild, ungovernable spirit of war.

German Socialism is dead. But hundreds of movements are dead, and hundreds of thousands of men are dead. The war is a holocaust. The whole nation is bleeding; the whole world is suffering. For what? I do not know.



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J. H. Hunsell

General Manager.

Leslie's

Illustrated Weekly Newspaper

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The Mailed Fist and the Naked Hand

(Concluded from page 6)

of the shell. For some moments, none spoke among those watchers on the road. Then a woman exclaimed "Oh!" in a tone of ordinary slight surprise, and another, stung out of stony silence by the exclamation, began to weep. An elderly man came across to me and begged for a loan of my glasses. Another shell landed, with another splash of fire, pale as old gold in the daylight, and another spreading tree of smoke. He fumbled with the glasses agitatedly, watched for a moment, then he too broke into weeping.

There was a Russian battery out of sight behind the town, and others away to the right, all firing heavily. The country under my eye, I knew, was alive with troops, hundreds of thousands of them, groping and feinting at each other's lines, but in all that panorama of wood and plain there showed not a man. Where I stood, I was looking down on the very crux of that fight by the advantage of which the Germans surged forward to the banks of the Vistula opposite Kartschew; yet all there was to see was Piasetchno, with a canopy of smoke thickening above it and the gaps in its red roofs multiplying while one watched.

Out of the Limelight

THE Siberians retired that afternoon; and at nightfall, making across country to find a road that should take me back to Wilanow, I fell in with them. The wagon on which I had found a seat wandered as gradually as a process of nature through the brown monotony of those bare fields upon which a chill mist was already standing in patches. It was one of a little fleet of vehicles that drifted like logs on a wide stream; there was no road. The cannonading sounded at our backs now, and sometimes very far away, where trenches were still being held, one saw the momentary spark of shrapnel that burst too high. From behind us and overtaking us, came what was left of the first Siberians, a long, uneven column of gray figures with the slender bayonets bristling over their heads. They had been fighting and falling back ever since Groizy, where they were cut up under General Krause, five days before; their normal strength of two thousand odd was reduced to less than a thousand; and still they were not only fighting but marching, going by us handsomely. Rank after rank of blunt blank faces, hairy, foul with the smirch of war; of coarse gray greatcoats swinging about the knee-booted legs; of caps cocked a little over one eye after the fashion of the Russian infantryman; of shoulders huge and able for burdens—everyone knows the Siberians. They are to this army what the Finns were to the *fo'c'sle* in the days when I followed the sea—folk a little apart, distinguished mainly for their habit of dumbness and an infernal aptitude for their work. In their homes they are lumbermen, miners, or peasants of the rudest and poorest kind; they have no emotions, no nerves, and no particular regard for danger and death. They are taught young, taught to shoot up to a point and to charge at top speed; charging with the bayonet is the best thing they do.

I left my wagon to walk with them till they should cross a road that led northward. I could not talk to them, but I could look. The mud of the trenches plastered them from head to foot; the smell of them was rank like the smell of beasts. From an officer who limped and helped himself along with his scabbard for a staff, I managed to gather that one company had charged twice already that day; it was now no more than half its due strength.

"You were with them?" I asked. He nodded. "And your foot—you're wounded, aren't you?"

"No," he said. "Not wounded; corns!" But there was a man there—probably there were many—on whom the stigma of war stood plain in war's own colors. He was a huge private, a man like the stump of a tree, as solid and as rough of surface. He swung along, his broad face vacant as an idiot's, his belt and straps creaking to the heave and lurch of his great body. For him all life, all thrills, all sensations were contained within the scope of the immediate moment. The hell of the shelled trench, the roaring ferocity of the charge, wrote themselves on his mind as upon water. He had nothing to say, nothing to tell, even when the limping officer, volunteering as interpreter, tried to blast it out of him with authority and oaths. He absorbed cigarettes as an empty slot machine absorbs the coins of the trusting, but as for telling anything, he had nothing to tell. Yet—one had no need to go close to look—his right sleeve, from cuff to breast, and half his right side, showed black and grisly with German blood that was not dry yet; it was soaked with it, steeped in it. He must have slaughtered lavishly, fighting breast to breast in the awful intimacy of the bayonet, looking into men's faces while he butchered them so that their life as it left them spouted redly upon him; and it had not changed him.

The two days that followed brought the fighting very close to the city; the Russian guns at one point were at work within three miles of the streets, firing on Germans who were not more than seven miles from their goal. It is an old story now—how, away to the east, the Russian concentrated cavalry rounded the horn of the enemy's left flank and forced him to swing round and leave off attacking in order to defend himself. The nineteenth of October was the day that was to have seen the entry in state and the inauguration of the new era, the German era in Poland. For me the interest of that day centers not in Warsaw, but in Czenstochowa, in what was happening there among the wonderful furniture in the great monastery and particularly in the brain of the man who framed himself in that magnificence. His orders to his armies were to spare the people of the country during the advance, to abstain from pillage, murder, rape, and the desecration of churches; their future emperor should come among them crowned not only with the eagle but with a halo. But on the 19th the great dream ended; Warsaw, that might conceivably yet be taken, could not be taken in time to save the vision; and the naked hand of the Kaiser clenched in anger. He had ruled Czenstochowa with a certain mildness; now he ordered the arrest of every prominent Pole in the town and district, to be conveyed to Breslau as prisoners of war. He warned the inhabitants who remained that the ancient monastery itself, the goal of pilgrimages, the shrine of the greatest of all the Polish Madonnas, should answer for any acts of disobedience or hostility by them. And all Poland knows, bitterly, with tears and shudders, how his orders to spare the people were carried out during the retreat of his defeated armies. Flesh of men and flesh of women, houses that were homes, churches that were dear and holy, broken, desecrated, made abominable.

Supposing now that he, the man against whom Europe is armed and at war, had set the world ablaze not for the lust of power nor out of any devilry innate in him, not for an idea of German greatness embracing and uplifting weaker nations in whom the seeds of decadence are ripening, but for mere vanity, for the mountebank's satisfaction of moving, purple-clad, and lofty, at the head of his shining cuirassiers, between awed and abject crowds! Is that, too, a possibility? Are men dying for that?

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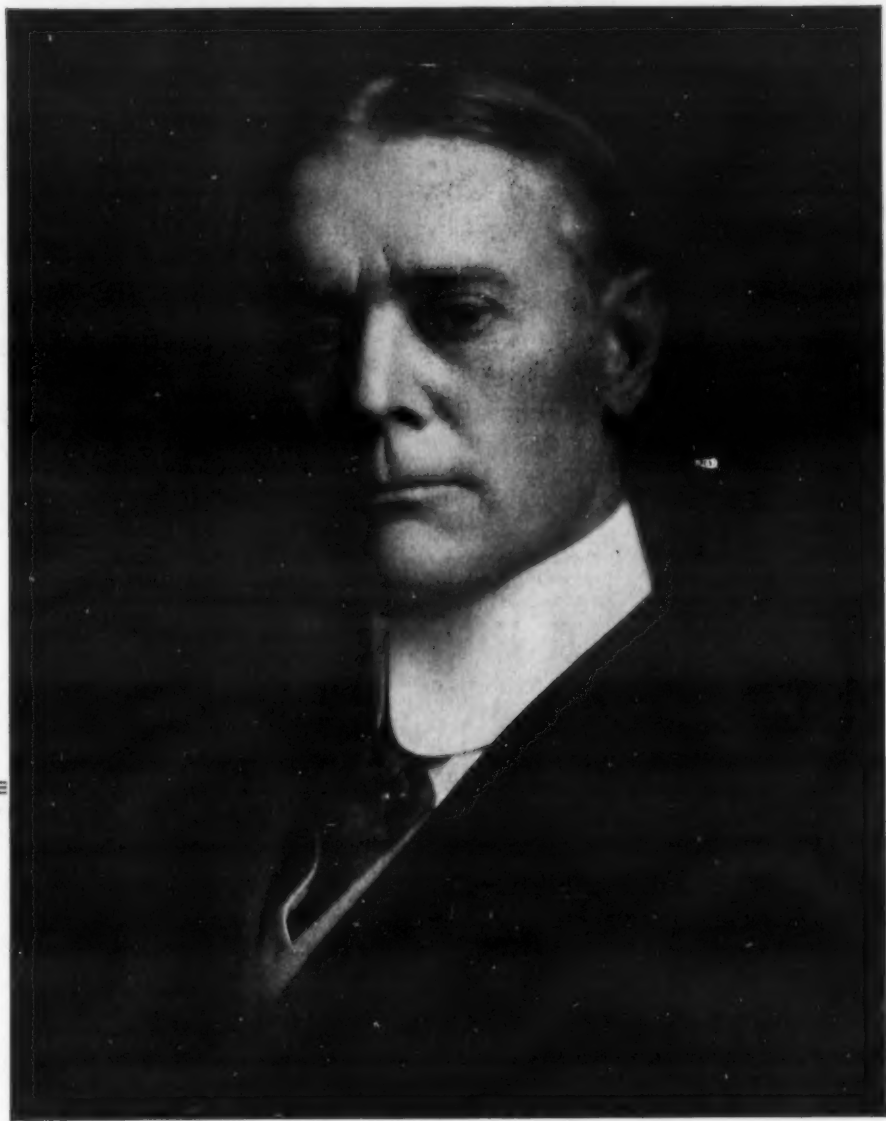
Collier's, The National Weekly

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1915

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Senator Beveridge will also have extraordinary opportunities to get to the various scenes of action under favorable auspices and many of his articles will deal with battle fields and armies in action.

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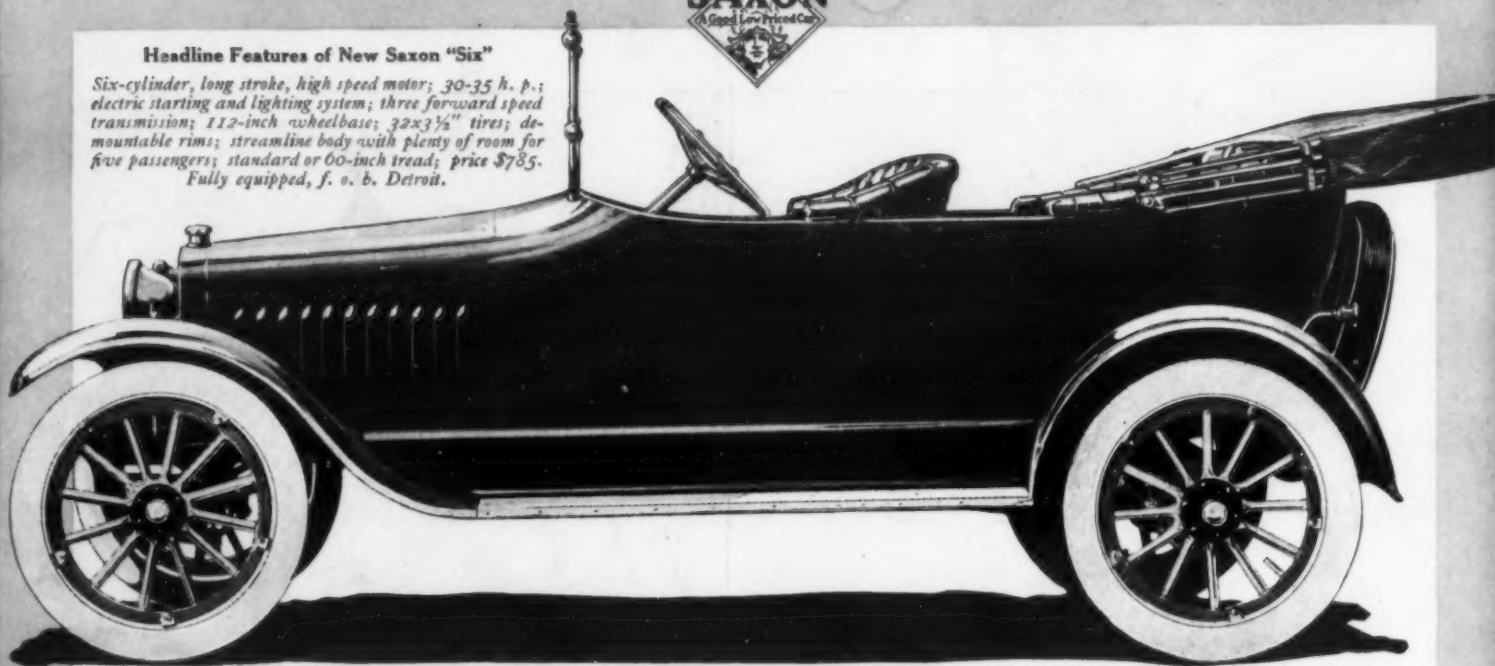
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SAXON



Headline Features of New Saxon "Six"

Six-cylinder, long stroke, high speed motor; 30-35 h. p.; electric starting and lighting system; three forward speed transmission; 112-inch wheelbase; 32x3 1/2" tires; demountable rims; streamline body with plenty of room for five passengers; standard or 60-inch tread; price \$785. Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit.



SAXON SIX \$785

The Answer to a Nation-Wide Question

The most impressive single feature of this car at the price of \$785 is, of course, the six-cylinder motor.

Superiority of a six-cylinder motor for a touring car is generally admitted in the automobile trade—and understood by the automobile-buying public.

Six cylinder merit does not, therefore, require argument here. It is enough merely to state that practically all leading makers of high and medium priced touring cars have within the past few seasons been converted to belief in the six-cylinder principle and are now building that type exclusively.

The principle of the six-cylinder motor is right. Therefore its progress cannot be stopped. The "Six" provides a superior and generally more satisfactory performance. It is a finer thing to own.

Realizing these facts, the whole nation has been asking: "Why doesn't someone build a good low-priced six-cylinder car?" We are glad to be first to answer this logical question.

Unlooked-For Features

Saxon six-cylinder motor is of the L-head type, with cylinders cast en bloc, and develops 35 horse power on block test. Oiling system of the splash type, with pump circulation.

Wheelbase of the Saxon is 112 inches. No other "six" selling below \$1250 has an equal wheelbase.

Frame is 4 1/2" x 1 1/2" x 1/8" of the best grade 25-point carbon steel, deep channel section.

Front axle is an I-beam forging; the rear axle is three-quarter floating type with full Hyatt bearing equipment throughout.

Transmission is three speeds forward and reverse, on the rear axle.

Springs are of the modern Saxon cantilever type, found elsewhere only on much higher priced cars. They are of vanadium steel and provide unusual riding steadiness and comfort.

Saxon clutch is dry plate, the same design found on many high priced cars, and constructed of the very best materials.

This new Saxon is full five-passenger capacity; only one other car selling under \$1250 has equal inside width of the tonneau seat, and none has more. The body is full streamline, very graceful and pleasing to the eye.

Saxon History Repeats Itself

Saxon is the first company to offer a six-cylinder car at a price as low as \$785—just as we were the first to offer a two-passenger car of real automobile-size specifications at a price below \$400.

How can we do it, you ask? There are two chief reasons: First, good designing and good building—"knowing how." Second, big production.

Some of America's most successful automobile engineers designed Saxon cars. In designing Saxons those engineers have profited by all they have learned in many years of automobile progress and by what the industry as a whole has learned.

Saxon cars are modern cars. They embody in every feature what engineers generally concede to be the best principles of automobile design.

It would have been impossible two years ago for anyone to produce the Saxon "Six" at our price. That long ago, however, we saw that some day such an achievement would be possible, and we began working. Our car is not, therefore, an overnight conception hastily thrown

together. Our test models have been on the roads many months. We know we are offering a good car—truly fine value.

Because we build high-value cars we get big sales—big volume of production,—and, as a result—down come prices!

Only really good things sell in big quantities; and only by very big quantities do you get goodness and low prices combined.

An Unequaled Record

The good value we gave in our two-passenger car brought us success even beyond our expectations: *The Saxon Company shipped more cars in its first year than any other company in the history of the automobile industry—a record of which we feel justly proud.*

Now we are doubling our output of two-passenger cars, and the price of our "Six" is based on an annual volume of 25,000 cars.

We have made adequate plans to effect such production. Our sources of supply are of the best. Our organization is complete and efficient. We have ample finances. And we have just moved into a big, new factory which provides plenty of room and facilities for rapid and good production.

Send for "Saxon Days"

We have an interesting magazine, "Saxon Days," that tells complete details of Saxon cars and gives many facts and stories of interest to owners and prospective owners of automobiles. This magazine will answer for you many questions we haven't space to handle here. Yours for the asking. May we not hear from you?

Saxon Motor Co., Detroit



Saxon Roadster, \$705.
Standard or 60-inch tread;
wood or wire wheels optional.
Electric lights and starter, \$70 extra.

The Saxon "Six," which drew such big crowds at the New York Automobile Show, will be on exhibition at the Chicago Show. Be sure to see it.

20